the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Ralph Nader, Amok Raker
by David Sanford

The State of the Novel Today
by Doris Grumbach

Christmas Book Recommendations
From: Edward C. Banfield • William F. Buckley, Jr. • Milton Friedman • Sidney Hook • Charles S. Hyneman • Daniel Patrick Moynihan • Robert Nisbet • Ernest van den Haag • James Q. Wilson

December 1975 · Volume 9, Number 3

The Continuing Crisis

■ October, and a morbid fascination grips the nation as it takes up a death watch over the fading remains of Miss Karen Quinlan and New York City. How long will the state keep them alive? When will the Grim Reaper caress them?

■ Six months ago Miss Quinlan was a reputedly self-destructive 21-year-old girl given to ingesting mixtures of drugs and alcohol, who on the evening of April 14 assumed a comatose condition after several rounds of pills and gin. Today her desiccated remains lie in a "persistent vegetative state" at the end of a Bennett MA-1 respirator in accordance with the laws of New Jersey and despite the pleas of her pastor and her parents and the medical evidence that she is now not much more than a biological blob. In the case of Miss Quinlan enlightened opinion, percolating into the press, seems to feel that nature should be freed to take its course independent of the extraordinary intrusions of the state. In the case of New York City no such libertarian quiddities restrain enlightened opinion as it ponders the fate of an entity economically ill and philosophically dead.

■ In the Quinlan case tonalities of pathos resound, but all one hears from the New York imbroglio are whistles, hog bladders, and raucous ring-a-ding-dings. Neither austere theologians nor dignified jurists have dominion over this case; only the pols, and theirs is the domain of bathos and burlesque. A politician with a sense of dignity is quite as unthinkable as a drunk with a sense of balance.

■ So it is that they talk about the economically ailing city as though New York were a famous beauty, her travail gloated over by a nation of vicious and greedy charwomen. It is another political spitting bee, and the pols are eager for another debauch of the public discourse. Governor Hugh Carey and Mayor Abraham Beame, while pleading for a loftier tone to the debate, exclaim that the provincials beyond the East River have always hated and feared their great metropolis. Mayor Beame sallies forth to restore dignity to the debate by enunciating "In the name of the people of this city, I challenge the President to square his forceful pursuit of detente abroad with his prosecution of cold war on the domestic front." It is a sonority of infinite grandeur and incomparable logic.

■ Soon after President Ford promises to veto any federal legislation guaranteeing a loan to New York, every pol in the land is bursting to express his noble sentiments. From Illinois the third edition of Adlai E. Stevenson, the paperback edition, excoriates Mr. Ford's niggardliness as "right-wing politics." The Rt. Hon. Bella S. Abzug allows as how Mr. Ford has "branded New York as diseased, and now he wants to pull the plug on our city." The "radical right wing of the Republican Party" is at the controls of the Ford Administration, according to Senator Harrison Williams, Jr.—not the sweet visionary kind of radicalism but the kind that eats little children. Finally, as Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's foreign aid committee is considering a foreign aid proposal for Zaire, the Happy Warrior explodes in anger at being asked to extend aid to Zaire and not New York City—an example of geographical latitudinarianism on Mr. Humphrey's part perhaps, or perhaps foreign aid is just another continuation of "right-wing politics."

■ The Solons and Numas of Athens, Tennessee are taking positive steps to rescue New York from perdition. By the end of the month the Athens City Council had appropriated $25 to be sent to Mayor Beame with no strings attached. And in Gnaw Bone, Indiana, Jed Torkis, a local poet who is affectionately referred to as "the town fool," is passing the hat in front of the town Standard station "in an attempt to raise money to keep New York on the map and put Gnaw Bone on the map."

■ No one tried to assassinate Mr. Ford this month, and his wife was more taciturn, but Egyptian President Anwar Sadat did stop by the White House on October 28, providing President Ford with the opportunity to toast "the great people of Israel." Hunkering behind the microphone, Mr. Ford knitted his brow and heaved up an "Excuse me, of Egypt." But poor Anwar, had he not just the day before at the National Press Club discoursed on the formidable power of the Zionists, citing the time back in 1950 when a Jewish shopkeeper in Cairo, "under orders from Zionism," refused to sell him a radio? Now Mr. Ford had fallen in their clutches—no doubt the victim of Zionist thought control.

■ It seems that Henry Kissinger, our present Secretary of State, is a more stimulating dinner guest than had hitherto been suspected. Rather than droning on in Katzenjammer Kids dialect about the diplomatic intricacies of addressing sheiks as opposed to premiers or the strategic significance of the Bulgarian cereal harvest, it appears that he actually gives newsy reports on the comparative sexiness of America's first ladies, the maladies stalking world figures like Mr. Leonid Brezhnev, and the political acumen of former President Richard Nixon—"A very odd man... an unpleasant man... an artificial man.... He hated to meet new people." Such was the chitchat recorded for posterity during a state banquet in Ottawa when Canadian officials forgot to disconnect Mr. Kissinger's microphone after his toasts, allowing one of America's most celebrated buggers to become the buggee. In Brooklyn, police officer Wayne Reynolds entered the toilet stall of the Union Avenue station and nearly killed himself. Apparently Officer Reynolds, who is new to the force, unbuckled his buckles in the wrong order, and his gun dropped to the floor, discharged, and fired a bullet into the blue knight's right buttock. From Cumberland Hospital his condition is reported as good though his spirits are low.

■ The UN Humanitarian, Social, and Cultural Committee has adjudged Zionism at one with racism, another example of the hilarity that reigns at that remarkable international forum. During the month, the Turtle Bay carnival provided more merriment than Washington or Moscow. Late in the month the chief UN delegate from Barbados, the puckish Mr. Waldron Emerson Waldron-Ramsey, insisted that "diplomatic immunity" extends to his German shepherd thus allowing it to continue nibbling on the succulent limbs of Pelham, New York strollers. What is more, if Pelham authorities make good on their threat to do the dog violence Mr. Waldron Emerson Waldron-Ramsey promises "an international incident." Let Woody Allen or any of our one hundred United States Senators match that performance! And while on the subject of the international community, congratulations are in order for the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR) for garnering the 1975 Nobel Prize for Peace, which went to Mr. Andrei Sakharov, Russian citizen and scientist.

■ On October 4 hope was doused that Spain might be easing its policy of repression when Generalissimo Francisco Franco ordered the execution of five cop killers, touching off demonstrations all over Europe and leaving many European *gendarmes* looking woebegone and wondering when Sweden would pronounce the ambushing of cops a fundamental human right. The whole affair seems to have shaken the Generalissimo, long one of Europe's staunchest law-and-order advocates, and as his health declined the reins of government were handed over to Prince Juan Carlos, a moderate.

■ October saw the first stirrings of what could become a reign of terror against First Amendment rights in New York's cultural purlieus. New zoning laws are threatening the very existence of some of that city's finest massage parlors, and the philistines have succeeded in preventing the world premiere of a breathtakingly bold and surpassingly beautiful untitled Latin American blue movie, which features the actual murder and dismemberment of a gifted young actress. This movie, held by some critics to represent the ultimate in the pornographic medium, is now actually being sought out for confiscation by the New York Police Department's Organized Crime Control Bureau, yet not a word of protest has arisen either from the *Village Voice* or from the New York Civil Liberties Union—a chilling preview to America's Bicentennial!

■ Finally, there seems to be a doctrinal revision taking place amongst progressives regarding the obsolescence of elderly public servants. Seventy-seven-year-old Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, who was partially paralyzed and confined to a wheel chair on December 31, has tended to snooze through morning court sessions and converse elliptically; yet not a peep has been raised questioning his usefulness. On October 29 he was rushed to Walter Reed Medical Center with a mysterious fever, and still no calls for youthful vigor to replace the rapidly disintegrating jurist. Apparently progressive doctrine applicable to ancient public officials is suspended when the public figure is sick or incapacitated.

—RET

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The Alternative: An American Spectator *was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic beer in McSorley's Old Ale House. Originally published on restroom walls, only since 1967 has it come under purview of the Saturday Evening Club, which publishes it monthly except July and September at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana.*

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The Writer, The Publisher, The Gull

Now it strikes me as an extremely melancholy calamity that when the novel died some years ago the American novelist did not die with it. It would have saved us so much time, so much money, and so many forests. Norman Mailer would have been spared all the mortification he feels about having written but one good novel, and we would have been spared Truman Capote, a man who has yet to match even Mailer's scrawny accomplishment. Further, the great publishing houses could continue to disgorge their trashy stuff without any spasms of conscience—"The novel is dead and so are the novelists, alas, so up with our brassily acclaimed nonce editions," books of popular luridity, books of bogus revelation about the system and the self, books of socio-political tosh, and that book about an admirable sea gull who was so steeped in the wisdom of Bertrand Russell that he broke away and became truly his own bird.

It is hard to say who is more responsible for the rubbish that is extruded from the publishing houses, the philistines who publish it or the philistines who read it. Generally I would lay the blame on the consumers, for as with so many other free-market transactions, it is the consumer's vote that elects what is produced. Unfortunately, readers, and for that matter most members of the culturati, are rarely so demanding or so independent as, say, automobile consumers. To the contrary, readers are generally the most abject slaves of fashion known to man, and those who design literary fashion actually seem to have a more profound power over their sequacious clients than Yves St. Laurent has over the ladies of high fashion. I imagine there are limits beyond which even the ladies of high fashion cannot be hoodwinked; however, I cannot envision such limits for general readers. I am too familiar with the commercial achievements of poseurs like Philip Roth.

The gentle and pliable nature of the American reader has been noted forever and anon, but lately he appears even more gullible than in the past, a development about as astonishing as the discovery of dirt under Andy Warhol's fingernails. With increasing frequency American readers are the shabby products of our pervasive university system—a system full of ghastly places through which students are herded like so many bewildered bovines run through the stockyards of a slaughterhouse. When the unpleasant and unenlightening process is over, the average college graduate views the world from about the same perspective as the hapless hoofer hung wrong side up awaiting certification to be stamped on his rump. It often takes years to eradicate the damage that four years of college can have on a young mind. Some graduates are so embittered by the experience that they become lifelong opponents of the written word, but, though they are the avowed enemies of writers and readers alike, their influence is practically benign compared to the influence of those graduates whose minds have been bedaubed with intellectual pretense and a vague yearning for occasional whiffs of "culture." These innocents are more dangerous to literature and to publishing in America than a million Watch and Word Societies or two million George Wallaces. Literature is always safer when apes are burning books than when monkeys are buying them, for when monkeys buy them, charlatans are free to fill them with the rankest nonsense.

Today the charlatans are doing a brisk business. Publishers realize that publishing junk is much easier and more lucrative than publishing quality. There are no apparent Faulkners or Conrads loose in the Republic—notwithstanding the thousands of creative writing greenhouses now in existence—and it is costly and difficult to ferret out what talented writers there might be. Really talented writers fret over each sentence, they might go for years without ever sending in a manuscript, and then its chances of weaseling its way into the best seller list are about equal to Richard Nixon's chances of becoming a Supreme Court justice. Harold Robbins' baloney grinder is more productive and eager to please.

So the publishers turn out poorly edited books written for the enthusiasms of the moment. They make them long beyond belief, because it is more profitable. And they make them idiotic, because they realize that even amongst their gullible readers there is a restiveness with the written word. Television is the dominant pastime even for the readers and if a book is to sell it has to be written in the form of tv drama or tv news. It has to be simple, pretentious, and nerve-racking. It has to soar ostentatiously on the winds of *Zeitgeist*. Hence, the popularity of general interest books like those of Teddy White and all the fawning potboilers about Daniel Ellsberg, Patty Hearst, etc. Hardly a one of these books ever informs readers of anything that has not already been reported in the press. Nonetheless they become publishing events of great moment, and for weeks they sell famously and their authors gab incontinently on tv talk shows. They are truly an epiphenomenon of the electronic press. The same can be said for our works of fiction. They are all either gimmicky tales like *Ragtime* and that really repulsive story of the sea gull, or they are ventures into romantic turpitude.

America has become a junkyard of fourth-rate fiction that rarely rises to the distinction of Maurice Hindus' forgettable *Red Bread* or Felix Salten's *Bambi*. There is hardly a novelist in America worth reading, and none is capable of sustained quality. Frankly, I doubt that very many of the books published are ever read. I am certain that few of them are actually read in their entirety. They are carried by saucy-minded sales girls as they exhibit themselves on the subway, hoping to trap culturally inclined stock boys, or they are purchased by readers for whom the very financial transaction is a kind of cultural fix. When they are discussed it is only by readers who have seen the movie.

Anyone, even Richard Speck, must tire of reading about the bold, candid, teleological orgasms of Smith-educated lunatics or of *belles lettres'* he-man types. Endless recastings of the adventures of Raskolnikov, Madame Bovary, or Huckleberry Finn have got to eventually weary even the Book-of-the-Month Club clientele. How long are readers going to remain intrigued by woebegone figures peering into their belly buttons, figures who throughout history have always been put down as imbecilic, warped, or arrantly criminal? No, I cannot believe that many of the popular books purchased in America are ever read, novels least of all.

I know that I certainly will not spend much time on these novels. Truth to tell, I have always considered people who read contemporary fiction for purposes other than ridicule to be intellectually suspect. The Western literary tradition is such an enormous vault of treasures—treasures which can be read and reread with pleasure and instruction—that I see no reason for an intelligent reader to loiter amongst the trash of contemporary fiction.

That it is trash is a fact of public record and that it will remain trash is certain for so long as it fixes itself to our stunted and demented *Zeitgeist*. What the novel needs is real people sweating it out in credible or interesting conditions. The authors should know something about people, not just the way they ejaculate or the way they butcher one another or the way they go bonkers, but the way they have lived for centuries and the way they live today. People, not clinical statistics, make novels informative, amusing, engaging, and beautiful. Which suggests another desideratum: novels can impart a sense of the beautiful. What is beautiful is a complicated question but I do not think that there is any question that beauty has a great deal to do with art. And here we come to just what contemporary creative writing lacks most. It lacks art; it is too limited. It is abstruse journalism. It is sophisticated gossip. But it is not art and until it returns to a pursuit of art it would be best for it and for its practitioners if they were to be marinated in formaldehyde. □

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David Sanford

Ralph Nader, Amok Raker

(Mr. Sanford's article has been adapted from his forthcoming book, Me and Ralph, *to be published in March 1976 by the New Republic Book Company.)*

We have had Ralph Nader to kick us around for ten years. His book on the Corvair, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, was published in November 1965, and it wasn't long afterwards that General Motors quite unintentionally saw to it that Nader would become the most powerful and probably the most admired private individual in the country. In attempting to discredit him with the fruits of a private investigation, GM sent Nader flying, for here, in trumpeting the deceitfulness of the nation's largest industrial corporation, was a ready-made opportunity to develop and lead the "consumer movement." Nader had the genius and the public relations skills to make full use of the opportunity, and since GM's dick, Vincent Gillen, hadn't been able to find any dirt on him, Ralph's credibility was very high from the start. All that remained for Nader to do was to coalesce power around himself, articulate issues, recruit troops, and go to town.

By 1972 Ralph had come to be listed as the sixth most admired man in the world, falling appropriately between Spiro Agnew and Pope Paul on the Gallup Poll's list. Now he exercises an enormous influence not only on auto safety but on nearly every aspect of American life dealing with economics, consumer goods, and health and safety. Since 1968 he has been the prime mover behind at least 35 books and reports. He has spun off a score of organizations with pious names like Public Interest Research Group, Center for Study of Responsive Law, Public Citizen, and Corporate Accountability Research Group. He has inspired the new profession of the public interest lawyer. He has, through his lobbying efforts, written or backed a passel of new laws. And he has lured all kinds of money into the causes he supports. Student Public Interest Research Groups on college campuses raise more than a million dollars a year for local lobbying projects of the sort Nader approves. Public Citizen solicits a comparable amount in small donations. Nader's speaking and writing earn him a quarter of a million dollars a year or more, 95 percent of which he claims to turn over to his octopus. Not bad for the son of a Lebanese immigrant.

Nader's most important possession has been his nurtured credibility or, as Robert F. Buckhorn, one of Nader's five biographers, put it, "If Nader has one overriding asset it is that he is what he says he is. He never masquerades, he doesn't pretend, cheat, or manipulate." That asset is buttressed by the alleged uniqueness of the man: according to the Nader Myth, he is selfless, hardworking, modest, devoted to no interest but the public's, disdainful of wealth, personal property, sex, and conventional pleasure. In other words he is said to be all the things the rest of us are not—a freak in the midst of hedonists. Were the myth correct he would truly be invincible. As it is, so many otherwise perceptive people are so totally captivated (and that includes most of the journalists who have written about him) that it is not very likely that Nader will be unperched.

Nader has coopted the press, he has no electorate to answer to, he is accountable to no one. But there is, nevertheless, an effort being made both to correct the Nader Myth and to subject Nader's work to rigorous analysis. The effort is in order both because Nader is not the man his admirers believe him to be and because Nader over the years has come to think that his views determine and are coterminous with the public interest.

In a brilliant piece published in 1972 by the *Texas Law Review*, Peter Schuck, a former employee of Nader's, expressed his uneasiness about Nader's monopoly on the public interest: "For Nader, as for Rousseau, virtue consists in a passion for the 'public interest,' and the wisdom to apprehend it. And it is in the central notion of a 'public interest' that both Nader and Rousseau manifest their most dangerous tendencies. Nader, keenly aware of the decidedly illiberal implications of *a priori* notions of 'public interest,' claims that the concept is a processual one, referring not to the substance of a particular policy decision, but rather to the conditions and procedures under which decisions are arrived at. Nevertheless, his promiscuous use of the phrase (and its diabolical opposite, the 'special interests') raises serious moral questions with which Nader has never really grappled.

"Having invoked the 'public interest' *ad nauseam*, Nader seems convinced that he knows what it is. But what in fact *is* the 'public interest,' and where does it lie? Given the existence of a freely elected government with an independent judiciary and a body of duly enacted law, at what point are we justified in concluding that particular policy outcomes are 'not in the public interest'? What criteria of representativeness, independence, and due process are we to apply in repudiating the handiwork of Congress? Are the revealed preferences of voters entitled to the same respect in the legislature as those of consumers in the marketplace? If

so, by what standard may we conclude that voters who care more about highways than they do about mass transit are 'irrational' or 'victims of the special interests'? On what grounds may we require mature, responsible drivers to purchase seat belts for their cars against their will? There are answers to these questions, of course. For example, 'there are times when people cannot be relied upon to know their own interests'—but these answers do not comport easily with democratic theory, and are always susceptible to abuse."

Schuck concludes that Nader can ignore such moral issues because he is an "advocate," not a decision-maker. "The advocate's role is comfortable because it relieves him of the dread responsibility for making difficult choices among alternatives, sacrificing some values in the interest of others. The advocate can vigorously advance those values he happens to cherish, secure in the knowledge that the moral burden of adjusting the claims of his values with the claims of competing values, will fall upon others."

The advocate's role, if I may stress the obvious, is advocacy, not truth telling. If Nader makes an end run around democratic principles in arriving at the public interest positions that he articulates, he is nonetheless convinced that, elected by no one, he represents the people. One of Nader's values is causing trouble for corporations and he is not above tampering with reality in the service of his impulses. I am indebted to Lowell Dodge, the former director of Ralph Nader's Center for Auto Safety, for an example of how, for Nader, advocacy sometimes requires fiddling with the truth. In mid-1971 Dodge finished work writing a book called *Small on Safety: The Designed-In Dangers of the Volkswagen*. He was supposed to be listed on the cover as the principal writer, but that was not to happen. Dodge submitted his manuscript for approval and Nader sent it back to him for rewriting. Dodge recalls, "The original conclusion to the... book as I wrote it... was unacceptable because in Nader's words it was wishy-washy and mealy-mouthed. This report ends with a whimper, Nader said, who wrote this conclusion? There was obvious rage in his remarks. He said the conclusion should start with the phrase 'The Volkswagen is the most hazardous car in use in significant numbers in the U.S. today.' That is how, as you read the published book, the conclusion does start." Dodge contends, however, that "that conclusion is not reflected in the data, not to say that you can't squeeze it out of the data, which is what the book now attempts to do. But it's a real strain. You can take the same data and reach opposite conclusions. My approach was to write that the Volkswagen is a hazardous car, by any measure that you could usefully apply... but you can't reach the conclusion that it's the most hazardous, partly because you don't have data on a lot of other cars... For instance, you can't compare the Corvair, which you'd think Ralph would be interested in doing, and the Renault, which had similar design problems."

Dodge took a vacation and did not participate in the toughening of the book's conclusion. Nader did that with assistance from Joan Claybrook and Carl Nash. Dodge's name was put lower on the list of authors. "And thank God, when I read the conclusion I couldn't live with it. What I should have done was raise the issue then and fight it, say this is dishonest. I have always carried around considerable guilt about what I regard as the extreme intellectual dishonesty of that conclusion. I had a close friend in the upper reaches of the Volkswagen company and I shared with him my uneasiness about the language of the conclusion. He has always pressed me to go public against Ralph, which up until now I've been unwilling to do."

The PIRG controversy of 1975 is another case of Ralph Nader mired in his own muck, believing that any means justify a hero's ends, equating with evil opponents who this time happen to be on solid ground, disowning his own ugly baby, and turning democracy on its head. It is Nader run amok.

PIRG is the acronym for Public Interest Research Group, a Nader idea that is

flourishing at 145 colleges and universities in more than twenty states. Nader in his travels about the country urges students to set up campus lobbies, permanent institutions staffed by lawyers, scientists, and other full-time professionals that operate year-around researching issues and pushing causes of the sort Nader has promoted. To set up a PIRG, petitions are circulated on campus seeking support from more than half of a student body. With signed petitions in hand, the PIRG organizers ask university administrations to assess every student a dollar or more each term to finance the local PIRG office. The scheme is advertised as democratic because it has the backing of a majority of the students, but once it is implemented *all* the students are assessed the PIRG fee. Those who oppose contributing are told they can get the small fee refunded if they go in and ask for it. (At some campuses a percentage of the fee is retained by the university to pay for administering the refunds.) The escape clause is said to make the plan fair because in theory no one ends up paying for PIRG who doesn't want to.

PIRGs are widely claimed to be educational—a sort of noncredit course in political activism—though that purpose is secondary to the main aim of PIRG, which is to create a well-financed legion of citizens in the Nader mold. PIRGs are central to Nader's dream of mobilizing a nation of Naders to reform politics, and to promote consumer causes and Public Citizenship.

Even many opponents of the funding mechanism agree that PIRGs are edifying and that they serve a purpose, which happens also to be Nader's purpose. That is not the issue. The funding device is. For example, when the Committee on Educational Policy of the Board of Trustees of Pennsylvania State University met May 29, the university's president, John Oswald, presented the PennPIRG proposal. "I have indicated my belief," he said, "that there is educational merit to the participation of Penn State students in an activity such as PIRG and therefore the University should consider, if a substantial number of students indicate their interest, some form of relationship to assist PIRG." What bothered Oswald, he maintained, was not the idea of PIRG but the way it intended to raise money. He outlined various possible approaches that the university might take and recommended one: "The University would agree to place on the term bill of each student a clearly identified statement that permits the student to indicate his/her desire to add $2 to the term bill for transfer to PennPIRG. This is commonly referred to as positive checkoff." This was not what PIRG had asked for but Oswald made clear that he opposed "any relationship that would cause students who were not interested in PIRG to be assessed a fee."

Oswald reported to the board that the students disagreed, believing "that this funding mechanism will not assure either sufficient funds or the stability of funds for PIRG to operate." Nevertheless he didn't want PIRG's money to come "from students who didn't understand their right to refuse to pay or to obtain a refund; or those students who didn't read the bill and its instructions.... I have questions about an organization apparently dedicated on the one hand to improving the lot of the consumer, but on the other hand seemingly pushing for a funding system which will collect from students (consumers) who may be misinformed, uninformed, apathetic, etc.... If PIRG has the educational merit I believe it has, then the organizing students should be able to educate other students as to its values to the point that they will voluntarily assess themselves the $2 fee." After Oswald had finished his presentation the board approved the alternative funding scheme he favored. And PennPIRG organizers childishly rejected the administration alternative.

Earlier in May Ralph Nader addressed three hundred Penn State students in behalf of PIRG, and in a press conference before his speech he said (according to Ken Chestek in the *Pennsylvania Mirror*) "the main obstacle to the formation of PennPIRG is a 'stubborn, petty administration.' " The funding mechanism that President Oswald supported would, he

said, "collapse PIRG." Nader defended the negative checkoff favored by the petitioning students as "majority rule." The positive checkoff proposal ultimately endorsed by the administration was a "sabotage technique." Nader said "the administration views you as sheep to be processed day by day, and to be sheared at tuition time." Nader wanted PIRG to have its share of the fleece. "We'll back you," he said, "if we have to make Penn State famous for something other than football.... What happens here will affect what happens elsewhere... The stand will be taken here at Penn State."

The day after the trustees endorsed President Oswald's sensible alternative Nader called the decision "tyranny 1776 style" and said he would undertake an investigation of the corporate members of the university board, university spending, and conflicts of interest of board members, focusing particularly on investigating one Michael Baker, Jr. "I would advise Mr. Baker to study very carefully the meaning of conflict of interest if he wants to understand the kind of disclosures that will be forthcoming in the coming year.... We will be supporting [PennPIRG] with staff and resources until it is established... in accordance with the will of the majority.... If the board of trustees doesn't understand democracy, which I don't believe they do, those who don't understand it should resign." Nader, according to the *Pennsylvania Mirror*, called Penn State "a citadel of fascism."

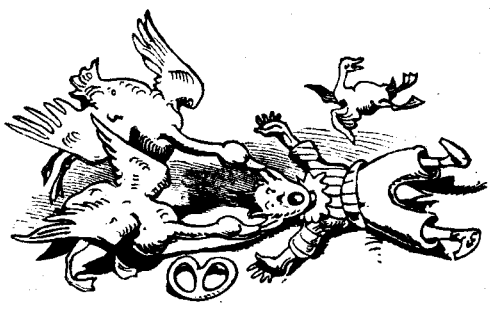
Enter now Nicholas von Hoffman, the syndicated columnist of the *Washington Post*, who thinks, incidentally, that Nader would make a good President of the United States. Von Hoffman in one of his columns recounted the circumstances of the PennPIRG conflict and at the same time assisted Nader in his recently declared, vindictive effort to discredit officials of the university. Von Hoffman reported the denied allegation that John Oswald had built a $5000 house for his dog Disraeli with money from the taxpayers of Pennsylvania. "Other contested stories about how President and Mrs. Oswald do or do not live the grand life are swirling out of a school which heretofore has been known only for engineering and autumnal contact sport." (Nader, you see, had been true to his threat that he would see to it that Penn State would now be known for more than football.) Von Hoffman then passed on some disputed gossip about the President of Penn State and some phantom door knobs. Unnamed sources of Von Hoffman's had told him "that in the course of decorating the presidential mansion Mrs. Oswald selected a knob of a design sold only in lots of 1,000 and that nobody knows what happened to the other 999." Thwarting Ralph Nader, Mr. Oswald suffered a personal smear.

Von Hoffman, who entered journalism in middle age after a career of community organizing with the late Saul Alinsky, supports PIRG, Nader, and the negative checkoff, but quoted for balance a comment by Michael Baker, Jr. "We don't understand why he [Nader] should be so outspoken and vindictive and somewhat libelous... Anything that has to be won by that kind of tactics make me wonder."

Von Hoffman is keen about the negative checkoff because without it he can't see a way for Nader and his disciples to raise the needed cash to do their wondrous work. "Where are they to get the money...? The courts and the legislatures have shut down getting it from judgments in class action suits. Are the corporations going to give it to them? The sissy foundations? The government which finances so many of the projects PIRG is opposed to? Who?

"Two lousy bucks a year, and they say, no, children, try it on your own first." Actually it's six lousy bucks a year—two dollars a term. The money adds up. PIRGs nationally collect more than a million lousy bucks a year. If Ralph got what he petulantly demands from Penn State the movement would be annually richer by 270,000 ill-gotten lousy dollars.

By July Nader and his Washington PIRG friends seemed to have backed off a bit from their bald threat to get the trustees of Penn State. At least they had broadened their investigation of univer-



sity conflicts of interest to include 45 colleges and universities, concentrating first on Penn State. The negative checkoff device has been under attack across the country for several years and the Young Americans for Freedom have campaigned wherever Nader's tentacles extend against the funding scheme, wherever Nader's tentacles extend. Loath as I stance, unreservedly. So, it would seem, does H.E. Logue, Jr., in a long piece he did for *The Chronicle of Higher Education* in its July 7, 1975 issue. He found someone associated with PIRG to admit that while a negative checkoff at Penn State would raise $270,000 a year, a truly democratic positive checkoff might take in at most $30,000. The reason for the difference is obvious: if only students who want to support PIRG contribute, much less will roll in than if one snatches money from lazy, busy, and indifferent students who do not take the trouble to go in for their refund.

Von Hoffman's supportive column was not in complete favor at the *Washington Post*. Education editor Noel Epstein had followed the story too and decided to get his two cents in. He admires Nader and his work and doesn't hate PIRGs but he was upset by the "strange twist of democratic principles, that if a majority wants to pay this fee, the rest should be compelled to... Nader gets overbearing."

Nader furthermore can't bear criticism, especially when it comes from a newspaper like the *Post* where he has so many friends. Nader and Morton Mintz of the *Post* have had a useful symbiotic relationship for a decade and Mintz is one of the early and persistent believers in the nonsense that Nader must be protected from criticism for the sake of the consumer movement. Colman McCarthy, whose columns about saints appear regularly on the editorial page, feels the pain when Nader gets cut. And Bill McPherson, the book editor, is similarly in Nader's thrall. With friends like these at the *Post* Nader can't understand even an occasional wrist slap of the sort Epstein delivered, and he wasted no time phoning up Philip Geyelin, the editorial page editor, to ask for more than equal space—a column much longer than Epstein's—on the editorial page. In his rebuttal, which Geyelin was happy to publish ("It's a free Nader piece," he told someone) Nader disowned PIRG. "PIRGs are independent, student funded and student-run, legal entities backed by students.... They are not to be confused with their supporters." (Namely Nader.) So much for Nader's culpability, and so much for the truth. If PIRG were the Church, Nader would be the Pope. He admitted in Pennsylvania though not in the *Post* that he was ready to assist with "resources" (cash?) and staff, that he would do in the trustees for not submitting to PennPIRG. In the *Post* he performed a rhapsody on the educational value of PIRG with barely a jangling note about the negative checkoff, which is what the article Nader was replying to had been about. (Epstein later told me, "What Nader did was self-righteously change the subject.") Nader did say, falsely as it happens, that "at most colleges and universities" mandatory fees are collected to support *political* activities, so why not PIRG.

Epstein, distressed that Nader had not replied to the substantial points he had raised, was advised not to reply to the Nader column and he agreed not to. He had other things to do and he did not want the controversy to turn into a "personal vendetta." Evidently Epstein knows Ralph well enough to recognize that Nader considers opposition to his ideas always as personal vendettas (possibly because when someone disagrees with him he launches his own search and destroy operation). One is allowed to disagree with Nader only once. To do it again is to have a grudge against him that discredits the critic. To Ralph criticism always has petty and sinister motives.

Taking the risk, I wrote a *Post* column of my own, comparing PIRG financing to the negative option selling device of the Book of the Month Club. Each month a book club sends out a card listing the current offering to members who signed up voluntarily (unlike the hapless minority of students who don't sign PIRG petitions and who don't necessarily want any of

their money to go to Nader's legion). If one doesn't send back the refusal card he gets the book, whether he likes it or not. Book clubs readily admit that if the set-up were different, if one had to send back a card to get a book, they'd sell fewer books. Negative option selling prospers because of indifference and negligence and laziness. Doing something (rejecting a book) is harder than doing nothing. The book club-PIRG analogy is less than perfect only because PIRG is more disreputable than the book clubs. It should be distressing to Ralph that he's borrowed a leaf from the book clubs because he, like other consumerists, regards the device as shabby. A young woman assisting Ralph in his auto safety work once was bothered that Nader would never answer any of her memos, so she hatched a negative-option scheme of her own, writing Ralph about some now forgotten matter: "Unless I hear from you otherwise, I'll assume this is ok." Nader replied quickly and angrily with a phone call to her associate Lowell Dodge in which he said "I do not and will not run my life on the Book of the Month Club system."

All of this was in my *Post* column and it predictably enraged Ralph. He intended a reply to the *Post* about my piece and got his investigator Faith Keating to research a rebuttal. One of the first things she did was to phone Lowell Dodge to ask him "do you have anything on paper from Ralph proving that he said that?" I am waiting now to see if Ralph will someday soon appear again in the *Washington Post* saying he was misquoted.

One night recently Lowell Dodge heard noise at his front door and when he went to check on it found a slip of paper in a crumpled bag stuffed through his mail slot. On the paper was written: "Blabbermouth. Beware of Corvair convertible traveling at high speed."

It was signed XXXX. The writer, it turned out, was one Susan Gross, yet another Nader acolyte who thought it a capital joke. She also thinks criticizing Ralph is in bad taste.

The Volkswagen episode and the PIRG story are but two examples of what power has done to Ralph Nader. He has learned from reading his press clippings that he is incorruptible. Appreciating fully the power of corporations, the inertia of government, and the relative lack of strength of his movement, Nader has come to believe it is right to cut corners and run down enemies in the service of a cause draped in virtue. His passion to prevail—to keep his David and Goliath show on the road—has moved him to contempt for democratic principles, for fairness to antagonists, and for simple facts. As Peter Schuck told me in an interview, "Ralph talks as if he knows what the public interest is and of course that he represents it. If one looks at that charitably, he is a politician, he is a player in the political process. And if people let him get away with purporting to represent the public interest, it certainly is a very valuable political resource. To a moral purist that might seem like a dishonest thing. But in the political world if he can get away with arrogating to himself that emblem I suppose there's nothing wrong with it." That's where I begin to disagree with Peter Schuck. Nader has gotten away with a lot in ten years. It seems to me that's long enough for arrogance on the loose. □

Eugene H. Methvin

Time, Newsweek, and Squeaky Newspeak

When *Time* and *Newsweek* both appeared with Mansonite "Squeaky" Fromme's face plastered over their covers, I thought, "Uh-oh. Those poor saps really are asking for it. They're going to catch it for 'encouraging the nuts'—and then suppose somebody else really does take another crack at the Pride of Grand Rapids?"

Well, they caught it, and Sara Jane did take her potshot—and you can bet your sweet bippy life hasn't been the same since atop the proud corporate towers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Such liberals as *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* columnist Marquis Childs, *New York Times*man William V. Shannon, novelist Saul Bellow, and *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz lambasted the "Squeaky" covers. Vice President Nelson Rockefeller said, "Let's stop putting it on the front pages and on television." On Capitol Hill, GOP leaders Rep. John Rhodes (Arizona) and Sen. Hugh Scott (Pennsylvania) let fly. And readers dumped umbrage in the editors' mailbags.

One of the most telling licks came on the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page, from none other than Clare Booth Luce, Henry's widow: "Elizabeth Seton, the first native American to be canonized as a saint, couldn't make the cover of *Time*. But Lynette Fromme made it." That one clearly hurt, and *Time*, to its credit, quoted the Lady Luce in its next issue. Both magazines, indeed, re-examined the question in their next week's press sections.

And both, to no one's surprise, duly found themselves innocent. When sweet Susan Stamberg of National Public Radio asked *Time* editor Henry Grunewald, "If you put on the cover of *Time* the photograph of a Girl Scout who had raised $80,000 for multiple sclerosis, would that encourage people to do good deeds, do you think?" he replied: "Very possibly." Yet he went on to say, "Our chief business is to inform," and *Newsweek* editor Edward Kosner expressed essentially the same view. This is the typical response by news media whenever their coverage, handling, and news-play decisions are criticized for encouraging violence and antisocial behavior.

Do news reports "cause" or encourage riots? Do news editors in their decisonmaking roles inevitably have some causal responsibility for social phenomena ranging from street crime to decay of home and family to assassination attempts? It is an old debate, closely tied to questions about news gathering and editorial selection, and the classic position of journalists has been, in the words of *Minneapolis Tribune* editor Charles Bailey, that they are in the business of "reporting news," not that of "behavior modification."

In 1968, as urban and campus riots were rising to epidemic levels, I suggested in a *New Leader* article that media executives have a duty to consider that any mass audience contains potentially dangerous levels of free-floating hate, violence, and lawlessness, ready to spill out when properly stimulated. None other than Reuven Frank, NBC's top news boss, denounced me as some sort of Communist-minded censor, declaring that journalists should "refuse to be conscious instrumentalities of social control." Hugh Downs of NBC's "Today" show elaborated the argument: "Social betterment is *inherent* in the journalistic goal of objectivity... Disseminating truth is sufficient... By refusing to become a conscious instrumentality of social control, journalism becomes, if you will, an *un*conscious instrumentality of social progress."

Such journalism becomes unconscious, all right—but not necessarily an instrument of inevitable uplift in the best of all possible worlds. It is surprising how frequently you get this kind of know-nothing response out of learned journalists who on other subjects can dissertate for hours upon social causalities and complexities that escape the unsophisticated eye. And, in their heart of hearts, most editors know full well that their decisions on what to report and emphasize have an impact; they consider themselves, after all, influential citizens in their communities and nation. In 1968, in the face of rising criticism after the Martin Luther King murder triggered an epidemic of outbreaks, news

editors did begin to "downplay" ghetto riots. Likewise, after the contagion of college closings following the 1970 Kent State massacre, student hellraising began to be shunted into smaller headlines, inside pages, and verbal summaries in place of full-screen action. Whether the uprisings had run their course, or whether the less lavish coverage helped curb them, the change was perhaps a kind of guilty plea, and certainly a deliberate policy choice to try to "cool it." Finally, however strenuously they may have defended their "Squeaky" cover stories, neither *Time* nor *Newsweek* paid similar homage to Sara Jane.

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Twenty-five years ago, in *The Lonely Crowd*, social psychologist David Riesman gave us three categories of personality types, which I think can be useful in looking at the role of news reports. One type, widespread in nineteenth-century America, is the "inner directed" personality, whose values and aspirations are implanted early in life by his parents or other elders and guide him through life like a psychic gyroscope; obeying this internal piloting, he is less independent than he seems. Second, more characteristic of the mid-twentieth century, is the "other directed" personality, who responds in early childhood to signals from a far wider circle than his parents. He becomes attentive to his peer group and to the symbolic environment. He is a creature of the pack and the mass media, more of a slave to the bombardment of signals coming from others. Riesman defined his third category, the "autonomous" personality, only dimly, but he envisioned him as capable of choosing his goals and modulating his pace from a fully conscious view: "The goals, and drive toward them, [are] rational, nonauthoritarian and noncompulsive."

Clearly, here was the new man; but the utopian denizen of Riesman's world turned into a dystopian monster in ours. We can hardly blame Riesman, writing at the end of the second decade of radio broadcasting and "talkies," for not discerning what to us in the third decade of transcontinental television is painfully obvious. Today we see "autonomous" man suffering from "future shock" and "overchoice." *Vide*, Alvin Toffler: "The United States suffers from a kind of value vertigo... The society bombards the individual with a swirling, seemingly patternless set of alternatives... The technosocieties are so large, and their complexities so far beyond the comprehension of any individual, that it is only by plugging in to one or more of their subcults, that we maintain some sense of identity and contact with the whole. Failure to identify with some such group or groups condemns us to feelings of loneliness, alienation, and ineffectuality. We begin to wonder 'who we are.' "

And if we happen to be Sara Jane, or "Squeaky" Fromme crying on Venice beach after running away from home, we are ripe for any Charlie Manson or newsweekly cover that flutters by to solve our identity crisis. We are truly a lonely crowd full of Pattys, Cinques, Tanias, Malcolm Xs—rootless, restless, craving to establish existence and character. These soulless souls wander in a psychic limbo between inner direction, other direction, and a future-shocked catatonic "autonomy." Durkheim's word, *anomique*, fits: an anxious awareness that the prevailing values of society have little or no personal relevance to one's condition; and indeed, in modern America's case, that we have a relative absence of norms or moral standards.

Consider Sara Jane. As a high school girl, she aspired to be a movie star, and told jeering peers they'd be sorry when she got to Hollywood and became famous. She married, had three children, and abandoned them to run away to California—where else? She went through three husbands and four marriages. One of her husbands was a Hollywood studio technician, but in her tall tales to people she wanted to impress, she made him a celebrated producer, just as her modest West Virginia beginnings became Southern aristocracy. In one place where she worked as a bookkeeper for about a year, she listed at least 16 different surnames in various personnel files; indeed, the name she was using when she potshotted herself into stardom, "Moore," was her mother's maiden name, instead of her own, "Kahn." But in psychological fact, she was simply Sara Jane 16X, whatever identity she had an itch for this morning. She really did not know who or what she was. Though a ripe 46 years of age, she was still shopping in America's media cafeteria for an identity, until she happened to stumble on one—Presidential assassin, courtesy of "Squeaky" Fromme.

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In 1902—the year Marconi signaled the letter "A" across the Atlantic, six years after Hearst and Pulitzer each printed one million newspapers in their Manhattan plants, the first such massing of a mega media audience in history—a survey of U.S. children aged seven to fifteen asked them to name a person they knew, or of whom they had read or heard, that they would "most wish to be like." Nearly a third of the boys, and half the girls, named a parent, relative, friend, or neighbor; those ten years old or older drew more often on idealistic fiction, history, religious literature, or public life.

By 1925 a survey of 1600 English youngsters showed a drop of roughly a third (to 20% for boys, 37% for girls) in those choosing as models acquaintances or historic, religious, or public figures.

By 1965 Megamedia Man was on the loose. A repeat survey of 284 London school children aged seven to eleven from varied social settings showed choices from acquaintances or religion, history, and public life dropped to 6% for boys and 13% for girls; not a single eleven-year-old named an acquaintance as his role-model. Now we had a whole new pantheon: mass media celebrities. Fully 54% chose "pop" singers or TV characters or personalities; another 10% picked film stars and characters. Thus mass media entertainment provided two-thirds of the 1965 generation's role models. It exaggerates but a mite to say twentieth century technology replaced the Bible with the Beetles and James Bond.

A civilization that shuffles its heroes from the Biblical Joseph, David, and Jesus to John Lennon and Peter, Paul and Mary is performing dangerous brain surgery on itself. This is a sobering realization that should inform the daily routine of every editor, newsman, and television programmer, since, after all, they have got to live here too. Media managers should realize (as most do not yet) that they are literally managing a psychological cocoon within which live thousands and even hundreds of thousands of unstable and loosely rooted, suggestible souls.

Certainly the advertising campaign designers who pay the freight realize it. They create such inviting images as the Marlboro wrangler, the Hathaway man, and the "Toni Twins" to shape consumer behavior. And intelligence officers for some foreign governments interested in subversion and social demolition realize it. They create Marighella-style "action models" to appeal to and activate the suitably predisposed and violence-prone types like Lee Harvey Oswald, Arthur Bremer, Mark Essex, and Sara Jane 16X. (Oh, you up their in the editorial towers didn't read Carlos Marighella's *Minimanual of the Urban Guerrilla* yet? And you're the guys who put Patty Hearst on your covers two weeks after "Squeaky" and the very morning Sara Jane done her thing—and you think you're not in the behavior modification business? Well, here's some hot news: Cinque and Miz Moon and that crowd did read Marighella—and they're really the ones editing your magazines... You're just monkeys on the ends of their very long manipulation sticks. If you'd like to debate me on the point, first read Marighella...)

Against this background the editors' decisions to plaster Squeaky Fromme's picture all over the nation on their covers was dangerously irresponsible. It becomes comprehensible only when viewed within the frame of reference of ordinary know-nothing American journalists, untrained and unsophisticated in social psychology and the natural history of political extremism. In that light it seems purely ingenuous and simple-minded, albeit still culpable. What excuse can there be for supposedly sophisticated media managers to fail at this late date to realize their signal bombardments constitute crucial influences in the lives of a whole wandering tribe of "media freaks"? And that these freaks' probable reactions should be weighed (perhaps not heavily, but certainly not lightly either) in decisions on editorial "play"? □

Doris Grumbach

The State of the Novel in the Seventies

Everyone pontificates about the health of the novel: it's dying, they say, or it's dead, it's totally original or entirely derived, it's never been better, it's never been so bad. While it is clear that the announcement of its death has been premature, it's not so clear what if anything is keeping it alive, what kind of life-support systems are working for it. Tap one critic on his shoulder and he will spin around and give you some unadulterated scorn for its present shape ("I remember when fiction told a story," said one getting-on fellow to me recently. "Why did *that* characteristic go out of style, do you think?").

Among the young, one hears absolute derision for the novel's storytelling past, the Dickensian decades—and unbounded admiration for the non-narrations of Thomas Pynchon, the anti-romans of Robbe-Grillet, Natalie Sarraute, and Monique Wittig. One young man told me: "It's precisely where the old shibboleths of character, setting, dialogue, and plot *disappear* that the novel is reborn."

I like to gain some perspective about what is happening now by looking back to what eminent critics thought was happening thirty years ago, and then deciding how close we can come to properly estimating our own moment. Take for example then-75-year-old André Gide's *Imaginary Conversations* (translated from the French by Malcolm Cowley and published here by Knopf in 1944). Number 16 of Gide's talks with himself concerns "The New American Novelists." Who were the ones worthy of consideration then? Well, he mentions Faulkner, Steinbeck, John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, Erskine Caldwell, and, in the same breath, Dashiell Hammett.

Gide confesses that he found Faulkner very hard "to become acclimated to" but that he now regards him as the most important of the lot. *Touché.* On the other hand he extols Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle*, a now almost-forgotten proletarian novel about a strike, and his short stories in *The Long Valley* as far superior to *The Grapes of Wrath*. In fact, the stories, he rhapsodizes, "equal or surpass the best stories of Chekhov." There is no author he would rather read, he goes on, than the author of *A Farewell to Arms*, but he is not captivated by John Dos Passos' "formula" writing: his "intrepid modernism is the sort that seems old before its time." *Touché, encore.*

Gide is appalled by the "pain and horror," the "strangeness" of American fiction, by the way it has plunged into the abyss of sin and suffering; he points to Faulkner and Caldwell especially: "If one believes what they are saying, the American cities and countryside must offer a foretaste of Hell."

Gide was right about Faulkner: his shadow still falls heavily upon the seventies, particularly upon regional, Southern writing. But Gide was seriously mistaken, it would seem, in his high regard for Caldwell—no one seems seriously aware of him now. He was wrong about Steinbeck, whose social-protest novels have disappeared from public consciousness and seem to have made no influential waves toward our time, and whose stories are read mainly by American high school students in issues of *Scholastic*. His admiration for Dashiell Hammett's novel, *Red Harvest*, and for *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thin Man* is not shared by most of us, except in studies of pop culture and in the memoirs of Lillian Hellman.

Gide's example is instructive: he won a few, lost a good many. It is, clearly, almost impossible to see one's own age properly. The judgment of the present lacks distance, naturally, but more than that, it suffers from instant and momentary enthusiasms engendered by the craft of reviewing. The reviewer reads so much, so much of it worthless, that his delight knows no bounds when he comes upon something which appears to be original and good. E.L. Doctorow is an example. Everyone, including this reviewer, went wild this winter about his *Ragtime*. He appears to be a distinctive voice on the American scene, a view strengthened by a re-reading of his earlier novel, *The Book of Daniel*.

But, of course, we can be sure that there is now in some obscure city (probably not in New York, if history tells us anything) a young man or woman just starting out, with a strong parochial sense, and a sense of place and its people, who will define this age as Faulkner defined his, as D.H. Lawrence did his, and Henry James and yes, Charles Dickens. Of him we now know nothing, and even if he has begun to write, his work is still obscured by the bejeweled and moneyed, the rocket-launched careers of the Michael Crichtons, the Irving Wallaces, the Jacqueline Susanns, the Herman Wouks, the horde of ladies producing Gothic novels for other ladies, the suspense and mystery writers, all the children of the fictional mire.

One positive summary judgment can be made about the first half of the seventies. There have arisen no visible giants and no uniquely original shape for the novel. It is a time of many imitators and no master, that paradoxical state in which one feels a model lurking behind the followers but the model is either too far back or too much of a combination of many to be singly named. It is, further, a time when every possible style is being used because the age has settled on no one or acknowledged no one as definitive for itself. Some of the promised giants have, to my mind, turned into capable but nonetheless unimpressive dwarfs; others have not grown appreciably. Saul Bellow has just published his eighth novel, *Humboldt's Gift*. It turns out to be long, impressively philosophical, but less interesting than a number of his earlier books, so one wonders about his ultimate standing in the pantheon. John Updike's seventh novel appeared this year. *A Month of Sundays* is written in his fine, fanciful prose, but it fails to fill the promise we have been holding out for him ever since *Poorhouse Fair*, and it seems safe to say now that he will forever dwell critically among the more distinguished pygmies.

There he will be companioned (I solemnly predict) by such now-acclaimed writers as Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., John Barth, James Dickey (whose best-seller *Deliverance* may well fall out of literary consciousness in direct proportion to its meteoric rise a few years ago), Joyce Carol Oates (a novelist so prolific that her reputation may well sink under the weight of over-production), James Baldwin (a meteoric rise and a descent almost as steep, at least thus far), Ralph Ellison (acclaimed for his first and only novel, *Invisible Man*, and seemingly stymied about ever writing another). The tendency among the novelists of the sixties and seventies seems to be to crest too soon. They are early over-achievers. There is very little evidence that the majority of them have maintained the first fine bloom, the protuberant promise their first work showed.

Perhaps because it is so deeply rooted in a sense of tradition and place, the literature of the American South, particularly its fictional prose, is still vigorous. Walker Percy, Eudora Welty, Reynolds Price, Ellen Douglas, Willie Morris, still write with what Alfred Kazin has called a characteristic fluency. The patriarch of American critics, Allen Tate, is still alive and publishing (his latest collection of essays is *Memoirs and Opinions*). His enduring reputation suggests a parallel longevity for the rich and fertile strain of regional writing, from Mark Twain, to Faulkner, to Flannery O'Connor, and into the present.

There is of course the continuing phenomenon of Norman Mailer. By virtue of the strength of his masculine self-assertion, his literary *machismo*, he has endured into the seventies, ever since the fine first novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, he wrote after World War II. He is a good, strong writer, of that there can be no question, but my doubts cluster about his inability to find, after that first novel, a subject for his skills. Recently, he has, like Truman Capote, abandoned the arena of the imagination and formed "fiction" over the catafalques of current events, Presidential conventions, the

1967 peace march on Washington (he called *The Armies of the Night* both History as a Novel and The Novel as History), the flight to the moon, New York City's graffiti, and Muhammad Ali (*The Fight*). Such ephemera will last, as social commentary and history. As fiction? I doubt it.

Two names remain on this hit-or-miss list: John Gardner and Vladimir Nabokov. They are both inventive and playful writers, with extraordinary suppleness of mind and craft, writers whose production is as constant as the novelists of the nineteenth century and whose interest in experimentation never flags. They "bring it off," however, in contrast to the long list of experimental writers—the surfictionists, as Raymond Federman calls them: John Hawkes, Ronald Sukenick, Donald Barthelme, Jerzy Kosinski, who bring it off brilliantly only on occasion. Gardner, to my mind, has never equaled his first brilliant literary switch, *Grendel*, a poetic retelling of the Beowulf epic, even in his acclaimed *Sunlight Dialogues*, but it is his willingness, indeed eagerness, to make the method of narration suit his *donnée* that marks his work as somehow special. If I were going to place odds on survival of reputations into the next century I would think seriously about Gardner. And Nabokov? His chameleon-like ingenuity has intrigued and interested us all. He is perhaps the most *interesting* writer of fiction in our time, but I am loath to bet on his interest for the next century. It comes down to preference: I would now rather read a minor work by Nabokov than any highly-touted major work by anyone else. Pure, egocentric taste.

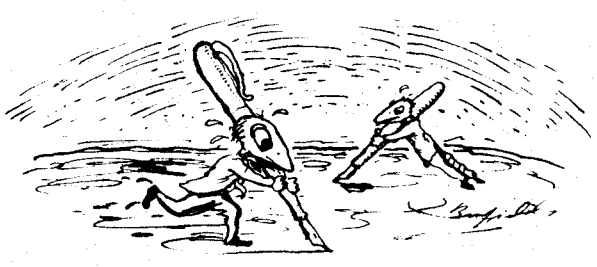
Vitiated and attenuated, I believe, is the once-vigorous and gifted school of Jewish writers: Wiesel, Malamud, Roth, Herbert Gold, Salinger, grouped here not (it would be vulgar) because they are Jews, but because their subject-matter often is Jewish. The vein has worn thin and finally almost out. Its miners are men of talent, but the subject-matter begins to be repeated, and is now in a stage at which it becomes ripe for caricature.

We have no giants, I have said, no himalayas, but more climbers from the base camps than ever in the history of the novel. What we seem to be short on is the kind of interior vision, the inside knowledge of oneself and the informed guesses about others which E.M. Forster saw as necessary to the creation of character. We are short of writers like Henry James, Marcel Proust and, after them, Lawrence, Woolf, and Joyce, who propelled their highly individual, introspective views of the world and themselves deep into us.

We instead resort to the topical, hoping *that* will catch the reader—all the "Washington novels" of Allen Drury, Ward Just, and George O'Higgins, all the current-event novels like Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*—forgetting that the topical will hold only for the moment but no longer, but the exploration of the interior human landscape never becomes outmoded because the interior human landscape persists.

Gide wrote in 1944: "All these new American novelists are seized and held like children by the present moment, by the here and now." True then; truer now. And when the moment passes, where will the American novel have gone? Like the epic will it have exhausted itself, only this time in multiplicity and the strivings of too many minor practitioners? Has its tendency to meander rather than form one strong main stream diminished it? Will the glowing, technicolored screen (movie or TV) displace the scenic art, as Henry James called the art of fiction, the "director" the novelist, the bland eyes of the watcher the eager reader? Choose one, or more, and mark in the appropriate blank space. □

Among the Intellectualoids



by J. Whitney Stillman

A Tale of Two Species

Norma Maine is the name of a beautiful, lovely, and perhaps fictitious young actress. I first met her in 1972, during the McGovern-Eagleton Presidential campaign. At the time I was managing the whole Eagleton operation, somewhat by default. Senator Eagleton had dropped out of the race, for personal reasons, several weeks before, and most of the staff had followed him. I stayed in the campaign because I don't believe that mental instability should be any barrier to high office in this country.

Norma Maine (her mother was the late Mrs. Norman Maine) made her reputation as a film actress with her sensitive interpretation of the role of the young prostitute with a heart of gold. Norma worked in the McGovern campaign for the same reason as pretty much everyone else: she cared about people. When, as a result of President Nixon's "Dirty Tricks," Senator McGovern lost the election, Norma began to grow bitter—toward the American way of life generally and universal suffrage in particular.

One morning, several months after the campaign was over, I found a letter from her in my mailbox. At first I couldn't find anything to open it with. I tried everything—but nothing seemed to work. Finally I smeared Vicks VapoRub on the back and steamed it open. The letter read as follows:

* * *

Yes, I remember you. You're the one who wore the Eagleton buttons.

Thank you for your comments on my films. I'm sorry but it seems I have already made plans for the 25th, and all the Saturday evenings this year.

* * *

I shot back a prompt reply to this correspondence. Her letter sounded depressed, and it is terribly important that a depressed individual not be left alone with his or her own morbid thoughts. I gained a familiarity with this in the Eagleton campaign. Sometimes I had the feeling the Senator had seen the dark side of the moon.

Before long Norma Maine was writing me this way:

* * *

The most important thing for me now is to be a woman. I have begun work on a film, loosely based on Camus' novel La Peste, *about a plague of rats that overruns the city of La Jolla, California. In this film I have been given the opportunity to play the role of a woman. I am not yet sure how I will interpret the part.*

* * *

Never before did I realize how beautiful La Jolla could be. Last night I watched

the sun sink into the Pacific. I felt as if I could almost reach out and touch it. I wonder where the sun goes when it sets.

* * *

As an intellectual I have often felt alienated from ordinary Americans. Yet I am beginning to feel that the gulf between us is not really so enormous.

* * *

This discussion of ideas was not a one-sided exchange. I would often share with Norma some of my own beliefs. I told her how I though people with blonde hair were faggy looking.

* * *

It's interesting what you say about blondes. Peter is a brunette. I play opposite him in all the big scenes—he portrays the leader of the rat horde which overruns the small California city.

Peter comes from a ghetto area. I find it interesting to work with individuals from different backgrounds.

* * *

I think the behavior of many people is the product of their insecurities. That's why so many men and women have an obsessive need for sex. They are basically insecure, and thus feel a tremendous need to prove themselves. I find myself perfectly able to go without sex for long periods of time. I guess that's because I know how good I am in bed, and so don't have any need to prove myself.

* * *

At the time I felt that Norma's theory seemed convincing, although I had no real basis on which to judge it. I have never been able to afford sex myself. But I have heard it highly spoken of, and enjoy reading about it.

Every few days I was getting a letter from Norma now. The VapoRub had almost run out. I wondered what I'd do then.

* * *

Peter has coal-black eyes. His hair is short and straight. I don't know how he keeps his coat so glossy.

* * *

Today I noticed Peter staring at me. He had that hungry look in his eyes. I didn't feel well, though—it's my time of month.

* * *

Peter took me last night. He is the first male to have ever really satisfied me. Yes, I have known a woman's love.

* * *

It's my period of the month. I've got the cramps real bad.

* * *

Peter is very passionate. His love has made me feel like a woman again. I don't know what I'll do when filming ends next week.

* * *

I didn't feel well today. The cramps were bad.

* * *

Peter and I have decided to go underground. There is no place for our love in human society.

* * *

Been underground three days now. The view is bad, but is shared equally by all of us. Feel great solidarity.

* * *

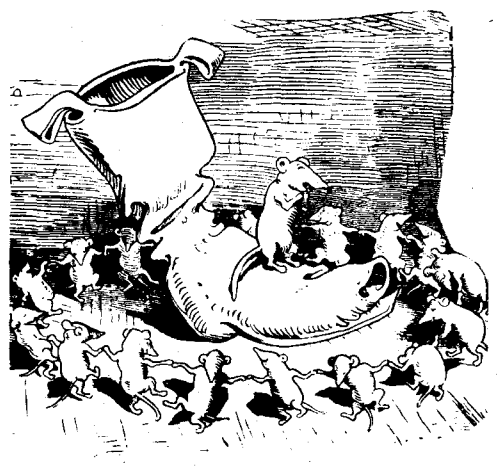
Experienced temporary weight gain today, due to premenstrual water buildup.

* * *

My first impression was that all rats dressed the same way. But then I realized that this allowed me to see something I'd never noticed before—the individuality of their faces.

* * *

Rodents do not care about material possessions the way humans do. There are no automobiles, electrical conveni-



ences, or shoddy commercial goods here. The rodents prefer to live close to the ground, and, if possible, under it.

* * *

Most people are contemptuous of rats for using four legs instead of two. I asked Peter why they used four legs and he explained it to me: "We can walk on two, or even one leg whenever we choose. We use four legs because for thousands of years bipedism has been the symbol of human oppression. Fourleggedness shows our solidarity with the oppressed animals of the world. The desire to walk on two legs, moreover, is unnatural and unhealthy, the final senility of a dying species.

* * *

The rats have no taxes. There are no large government bureaucracies among rats. They feel that each rat should fend for himself. No rats embezzle company funds, bounce checks, or commit fraud.

* * *

Yesterday Peter and I journeyed to the headquarters of the whole rodent movement, and the home of its great leader. Peter introduced me to him. He asked me if I had formed my impressions of their genus over the last few weeks.

"Mr. Mouse," I began.

"Please," he said, "Call me 'Uncle Mickey'."

"Uncle Mickey," I said, honored to be allowed to address a great figure on such familiar terms, "I have noticed several things. There is no threat of nuclear war among rodents. They have complete freedom of worship. Rodents eat only natural foods." But I was curious. "Why is this?" I asked.

"There are," he replied, "no election violations among rodents. Rodents don't watch television programs which show excessive violence. They see the need for stricter controls on the sale of firearms and dangerous pesticides."

Before leaving we had the chance to speak with Mrs. Mouse, who is a former film actress.

* * *

After wasting so many years trying to please other people, I have finally decided to do what I want for a change. Peter is the first male I have ever really loved. He needs me. I have never been so happy.

* * *

I am tired of being "respectable," of meeting other people's standards. Finally I am expressing myself as a woman.

* * *

It is the general custom for rats to engage in sexual relations with whichever member of the opposite sex that's nearby. Of course, this will seem puritanical to us.

* * *

I happened to call my agent this morning. He mentioned that he had arranged a two-week engagement for me in Las Vegas. I just got in an hour ago. I never realized how beautiful Las Vegas could be.

* * *

The weeks Norma spent underground were an important growth period for her, both as a woman and as an entertainer. I found the substance of her letters, as well, immensely encouraging. It is exciting to learn that, although our own species might vanish, progress will continue. In a later letter, Norma assessed what the experience meant to her:

* * *

The time I spent with the rats has helped me tremendously in show business. I never would have succeeded in Las Vegas otherwise. Finally I have begun to fulfill myself as a female entertainer. My fans need me. I have never been so happy. □

Ernest van den Haag

The Perimeters of Free Expression

(Mr. van den Haag's essay has been adapted from a talk he delivered before the American Library Association.)

Censorship proper, prior restraint of expression, is unconstitutional in the United States. Speech can be punished, however, when shown to slander, to libel, to infringe on copyrights, on privacy, or on other property rights, or to incite to injurious or unlawful actions. These limitations of freedom cannot be avoided, for all rights are necessarily limited by other rights, and by the rights of others. The question is not whether abridgment of any freedom is ever justified, but when it is. I propose here to discuss several cases where it is proper to restrict speech and expression beyond mere selection.

Publishers and editors necessarily must select among manuscripts; libraries must select from what is published. Exclusion, entailed in selection, can no more be avoided than penalization. The question is how to minimize abuse of the power of selection.

Total safety is not of this world. But there is some safety in numbers. The more people select independently of each other, the less the likelihood of exclusion by identical tastes, or by concerted action. We can be reasonably satisfied here. There is an infinity of publishing houses, magazines, and libraries. Each makes its own selection. Entry is reasonably free and easy. Most publications concerned with politics are against the government; most publications concerned with sex are for it. Freedom of expression certainly stares you in the face. We are more likely to be swamped than starved. The power of exclusion is not being abused, though the power of inclusion may be.

***

Freedom of speech dates back only a few centuries and is usually defended with more eloquence than cogency. John Stuart Mill admitted in *On Liberty* that it is "idle sentimentality" to believe that "men are more zealous for truth than they are for error." But he still wrote that, given freedom, truth wins: "Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and argument." Neither history nor logic supports him. Perhaps truth wins in an unlimited time span. But so does everything else. Nonetheless, Mill's remark is echoed in Justice Holmes' oft-quoted dissent. Referring to political and moral matters, Holmes wrote: "The best test of truth is the power of thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market..." Now, if we call "true" a thought because it *has* been accepted, Holmes' argument is correct because circular. Otherwise we find no evidence for truth prevailing more often than falsehood, even where there is freedom. The "competition of the market" may be the most economic and least burdensome way of making decisions. But the decisions that emerge are not right, or the thoughts true, because they were freely accepted.

I have quoted Mill and Holmes for they have been most influential in forming the opinion so prevailing now among the college educated. Others who are often quoted in favor of unlimited freedom of expression did not actually favor anything of the sort. Only Mill and his followers defended unlimited freedom, a remarkable attempt to deny the reality of psychic interdependence.* John Locke held that "no opinions contrary to... those moral rules which are necessary to the preservation of civil society are to be tolerated by the magistrates." As for John Milton's *Areopagitica* it is a paean to freedom of speech—but to a well bounded freedom, extending but to "neighboring differences or rather indifferences" and not beliefs which are "impious or evil absolutely either against faith or manners." Such beliefs were to be "extirpated" rather than tolerated.

Where the merits or demerits of goods and services are concerned, we do not trust the competition of the market to discover the truth. Regulatory agenices are meant to protect the consumer against being misled, although he could easily learn from experience whether he was deceived about the soap he bought and, if so, stop buying it. Nor is the damage fatal. Producers anyway would find it unprofitable to make deceptive claims. They would lose sales when customers learn they have been deceived. Nonetheless, the freedom of producers to make claims is restricted to protect consumers.

Not so with political or general ideas. Here it is hard for consumers ever to check whether they are sold a bill of goods. When they do learn from experience it is usually too late. When you want to stop buying a political idea such as disarmament, or an ideology such as Marxism, or Nazism, you may find that you have been sold and cannot get a refund. Unaccountably, the very people who trust the government to protect us from the deceptive claims of advertisers, bitterly oppose protection from deceptive political claims. They insist that the freedom of ideologues never be abridged, however great the potential injury to consumers. The government never should be trusted to protect us from deceptive political claims. I am at a loss to explain so striking an inconsistency.

The frequent explanation, that freedom of expression need not be abridged as long as freedom of action can be, does not help. Ideas and actions are not easily separated. Free expression of Adolf Hitler's ideas in "the competition of the market" persuaded Germans to support him. His freedom was not abridged, owing to the doctrinaire cowardice of the Weimar Republic, which led to its undoing, and to more than twenty million dead, many dying horrendously in concentration camps. This is a high price to pay for Hitler's unabridged freedom, the effects of which were foreseeable.**

***

The instrumental benefits of free speech are therefore unproven, and its dangers are clear, but freedom of speech still remains desirable for its own sake. Further, there are two arguments which should caution us against abridging free expression lightly: first, there often is no certain way to separate true from false, innocuous from injurious ideas; second, if there is such a way, public authorities are unlikely to find it. Holmes and Mill went too far in asserting that somehow "the competition of the market" would be "the best test," or a good one, to separate true from false ideas. But the government cannot be shown to do any better.

Granted as much, I think we should

*Mill's view is brilliantly explicated and derived and criticized in Gertrude Himmelfarb's *On Liberty and Liberalism*, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1974.

**That idea and action are easily separated is a mistaken view which dies hard. Jimmy Walker is debited with the remark: "no girl has ever been seduced by a book." Had he been as familiar with books as with girls, he would never have said that. When Dante met Francesca in the second circle of Hell, and asked her the customary question, "what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" he got a tale of woe culminating in the line, *"galleotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse."* Francesca blamed the book she had been reading with Paolo Malatesta. She was right. The sexual nature of human beings has not changed in historical time. But the sexes court, or seduce each other, and perceive their emotions and roles quite differently in each period. That difference is generated by different ideas, attitudes, and fashions which are spread by speech, picture, and print. Even when they don't read them, girls are seduced by books, Gloria Steinem as much as Emma Bovary or Francesca da Rimini.

To be sure, the seduced reader bears the responsibility for accepting and acting upon what he reads. Yet, reading does influence, if not compel, people and it can precipitate action. Else writing would be silly. Without the Bible, there would be few Christians, without *Das Kapital* no Marxists, and without *The Sorrows of Young Werther* there would have been fewer romantic suicides.

give flaming rhetoric a rest,-and look for perimeters of freedom of speech. There is a strong case for abridging freedom when abridgment actually helps to safeguard freedom. Thus, where we have a time-tested and self-correcting institution which permits freedom of expression and the continuous enactment of change, advocacy of its violent overthrow could well be restricted. Advocacy can be distinguished from analysis, discussion, or prediction, inasmuch as there is a clear intent to organize for, or to produce action. And our freedoms would be safer if all advocacy of their abolition by unconstitutional means were penalized just as action is now.

***

Freedom of expression should also be limited when it offends public decency. Objectors to this kind of limitation believe that a range of shared values is not necessary for a society; or, that unbounded freedom produces, or will not harm the shared values; or, finally, that abridgment of freedom does not protect shared values and will cause excessive harm.

Call the range of shared values public decency and we reach the problem of pornography. Keep in mind, though, that public decency is not limited to sexual matters. The slaughtering of cows is a crime in Hindu India. So is the raising of pigs in Israel. Restrictions are needed not only because the shared values are what they are, but also because they play the social role they play: they express shared sensibilities, are intensely held, and are, or have become, important to social cohesion.

Can societies cohere without a common outlook? I doubt it. As Sigmund Freud wrote in *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*, "The disappearance of the emotional ties which hold the group together [produces]... the cessation of all feelings of consideration... A gigantic and senseless dread is set free..." We do not have emotional ties with insects. We do with other sensate beings, because we share a range of sensibilities, attitudes, and values. We have most ties with those who share most of our values and attitudes, enough to form a society. Societies attempt to preserve common values, without precluding their evolution and change, through institutions such as schools, churches, and libraries, and by sanctions against those who venture too far beyond the traditional range. Where individual freedom of expression is among the shared values, penalties still must limit it: unbounded freedom cannot produce the solidarity society needs.

Now, what is prohibited and punished is what tempts at least some people. Therefore, prohibitions are unlikely to eliminate altogether what they prohibit. However, they proclaim as wrong what they forbid. And penalties raise the cost of what they penalize. The offensive activity will still occur, but it will occur furtively, and less often. Further restrictions on freedom of expression do not produce "police states." None has ever been preceded, or prepared, by such restrictions. On the contrary, political oppression usually is a reaction, not to limitations, but to what is felt as excessive freedom.

Sometimes it is feared that outlawing pornography will produce aesthetic or literary harm. This harm would be unavoidable if pornography were not separable from works of merit. I think it is. Some critics indeed will not, or cannot, tell art, or literature, from pornography. But anyone who cannot distinguish between what is art and what is not has no business being a critic. Once the general distinction is made, one may still disagree on whether a particular item is pornographic. But such disagreements concern only borderline cases, not the body of either art or pornography. Borderline cases occur in separating sight from blindness, but they do not preclude the distinction, which, in controversial cases, the courts exist to make.

***

Anyone who favors outlawing pornography is told that he is neurotic since he opposes sex and that this undermines his case. This is a popular view, but it embodies two major problems.

The first problem is the genetic fallacy. Whether neurotic or not, the sex life of the advocate is irrelevant to the merits of what he advocates. Some persons find pornography offensive because they dislike sex. Others because they like it. But it does not matter, since the merits of an argument are independent of the merits, or motives, of those who urge it. (Incidentally, neither the liking nor the disliking need be neurotic. But let that go.)

Second, to object to pornography is to object to public depiction or performance of sex acts, not to the sex acts performed or depicted. Therefore, a defense of sex evades the question. Defecation is not objectionable. But the exhibition or depiction of it—or of other private acts—for the sake of prurient interest, or voyeuristic participation, is offensive nonetheless. To argue that defecation is healthy is to evade the question. The issue is not which acts should be performed, but which acts should be private, what offends public decency.

Individuals can easily refrain from attending obscene spectacles or from reading pornographic books. But this is beside the point. Nothing that is for public sale, nothing publicly accessible, can be fully private. Therefore we prohibit gladiatorial combat among consenting adults because it is degrading and indecent, even though those involved volunteer, as pornographic actors do, and spectators could easily refrain from observing. Advertising and public knowledge cause publicly available pornography to affect society as a whole. It pollutes the social atmosphere and affects bystanders just as pollution of the physical atmosphere does. The mentality of each of us unavoidably affects the quality of life of all of us. "No man is an island entire of itself..." Wherefore a judicious balance between individual liberty and social restraint is needed, however free the society. It is society that grants the right to pursue values—our freedom—and secures it by restraints. Similarly, society must make it possible for values to be generated and attained by imposing restraints on what would erode them. Else there is no happiness to be pursued, no use to be made of the freedom secured by society. It becomes empty, useless, and boring.

***

Granted that shared values must be protected when they are important in the normative structure of a society—why is restraint of public sexual display so important? How does pornography endanger individuals or society?

Consider individuals first. The cravings pornography mobilizes are felt by many persons as threats to what personality integration and ego dominance they have achieved. They fear a loss of control. It matters not at all whether such a loss would actually occur. The fear does. Often the fear is projected on others: the fearful person may see them as uncontrolled, himself as a victim. The fear itself requires defensive laws. Such laws are the social analogue and adjunct to individual repressions and sublimations. They would not become psychologically unnecessary if they were demonstrated to be rationally unneeded. On the contrary, the elimination of legal repression would stimulate nonlegal repression by private persons and groups—just as stimulations which it cannot handle may bring about sweeping repressions in the individual psyche.

If people did not feel tempted, there would be no problem. But for most, "the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." The problem is not solved by removing the spirit and inviting the flesh. Both are part of us, and both are needed, as is the tension between them. Laws against pornography are enacted because we are enticed by what they prohibit, and have decided not to yield and, therefore, want to reduce the temptation. This, after all, is the reason for all laws. Each of us needs all the help society can give.

Admittedly neither repression nor outlawing what mobilizes the repressed is an ideal solution to problems of anxiety or self-control. But we do not live in an ideal world nor with ideal people. Ideal "solutions" that ignore (or define away) the problems actual people have in the actual world are not helpful. These "solutions" are what make rationalists so dangerous and their utopias so oppressive.

***

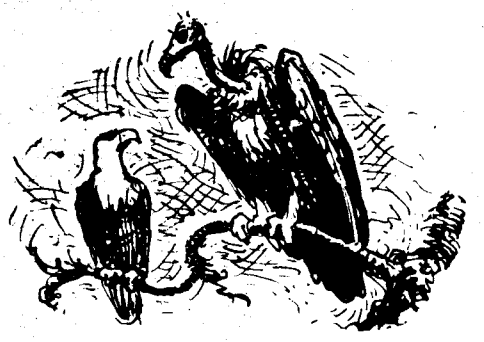
Society is imperiled by pornography no less than individuals. The pornographic regression separates sexual impulses from the emotions normally fused with them, from reality as well as morality,

above all from socially indispensable restraints and sublimations. In a sense this is but a spinning out of pre-adolescent fantasies which reject reality and the burdens of individuation, of thought, restraint, tension, conflict, commitment, consideration, and love, of regarding others as more than objects—burdens which become both heavier and less avoidable as we pass through adolescence. We always bear them with some reluctance; wherefore, pornography, while dreary and repulsive to one part of us, is always inviting and seductive to another. But by reducing the world to orifices and organs, to bare, solipsistic sensations, pornography implicitly denies solidarity, thought, feeling, or love, the human ties on which society rests. It removes the indispensable internal barriers to crime.

Ralph Waldo Emerson pointed out that the moral identity which we feel with other human beings is the basis of any society. Pornography strikes at that basis. It invites us to de-identify, to regard others as mere means. Yet if we do not identify enough with others to feel empathy with them, they are easily relegated beyond the pale, to be used but for the pleasure they can give, or like animals for their hide or teeth. They cease being fellow humans, ends in themselves, and become instruments.

It is the empathy and mutual identification stripped away by pornography which enable us to acknowledge others as fellow humans and which restrain us from treating them as mere means, or sources of sensation. Ultimately, pornography endangers the psychological ties which bind us to our fellows and make society cohere. And since all our freedoms ultimately depend on the strength of shared values and social bonds, the cause of freedom might be better served in this case, too, if our freedom were properly circumscribed. □

The Nation's Pulse



by Peter J. Rusthoven

Three Good Signs in Foreign Policy

Like the vast majority of journalistic observers of the American scene, both *The Alternative* and this columnist devote but fleeting attention to the occasionally praiseworthy achievements of our erstwhile national statesmen. Adopting a critical tone is, of course, squarely in the historical mainstream of political discourse in this country. Our citizens are not much given to empathetic reflection on the burdens of power, or sober commentary on the difficulties of responsible leadership in an ambiguous world; "throw the bums out" tends to strike a more responsive chord. And on balance, this seems altogether proper in a democratic republic. Leaders who enjoy the adulation of the masses (whether spontaneous or coerced) appear considerably more prone to large-scale mischief than their counterparts who must deal with a populace fond of vociferous second-guessing. Indeed, one suspects that the Founding Fathers, however warmly they would welcome Abraham Lincoln as one of their own, would have counted it a healthy sign that his Presidency was accompanied by frenetic shouts of "baboon" and "dictator" as well as worshipful tributes to the "Savior of the Union."

Nevertheless, it is only fair that one periodically focus on those actions of our leaders which merit commendation. Now I am not proposing a mindless rant of the "Why don't we concentrate on the *good* news" genre. I do think, however, that three recent incidents in the foreign policy field provide fairly encouraging indications that the current Administration is capable of intelligent use of the various diplomatic means at its disposal, and that a few paragraphs of praise are in order.

The first of these incidents involves the recent pother over the last days of Generalissimo Francisco Franco's rule in Spain. The immediate factual background of this controversy is deceptively straightforward. Five political terrorists, including members of the Basque separatist movement and a Maoist radical outfit entitled the "Patriotic Anti-Fascist Revolutionary Front" (FRAP), were executed for their participation in a calculated campaign of assassination directed at Spanish civil policemen. There was no contention that any of the five were innocent. On its face, then, the Spanish government's execution of murdering political terrorists would seem no worthier of prolonged attention than the bloody California shootout between the FBI and the SLA which led to the demise of that venerated revolutionary, Cinque.

Such, however, was not the case. Instead, the nations of the world responded with that loud, self-righteous indignation which they seem to reserve for those occasions when such blathering is particularly unjustified on the facts. Fully 15 European countries recalled their ambassadors from Madrid. Leaders from Mexico to Britain, who would never dream of castigating, say, the North Vietnamese for executing thousands of Catholics, were striving to outdo each other in expressing horror at this latest outrage perpetrated by Fascist Franco. His Holiness Pope Paul VI joined the fray, terming the Spanish action "murderous repression." The predictable calls for Spain's expulsion from the United Nations were issued, and Swedish Prime Minister Olaf Palme even took to the streets of Stockholm, replete with protest sign, to collect money for the Spanish opposition.

The bottom line of all this reaction, of course, is that Franco was indeed a dictator, his government a constant reminder of the less prudent, more vicious fascist regimes that once ruled Germany and Italy and brought the world to war. Franco, in short, was fair game, and in many ways justifiably so. Nonetheless, the Ford Administration managed to display considerable common sense throughout this period of nonsense. Despite notable journalistic and diplomatic pressure, the United States steadfastly refused to join the current chorus of anti-Spanish voices. In part, no doubt, this restraint was due to ongoing negotiations between America and Spain concerning U.S. military bases in that country. The President, however, stoutly denied that this was the prime factor motivating our stance on the issue, and I believe we should take him at his word. The Administration simply refused to seize on the execution of convicted murderers as the appropriate incident about which to express whatever discomfiture it felt at Franco's dictatorship. In today's world, unfortunately, this sensible position emerges in context as one of high courage and integrity.

Another, less dramatic illustration of sensible leadership by the President and his State Department involves our now strained relations with the government of Turkey. As is well known, Turkey and

Greece are inclined to square off at semi-regular intervals on the question of which should be permitted to dominate Cyprus. Somehow, the globe has managed to weather these confrontations without significant permanent damage. Last time, however, spurred on by Greek-Americans and by that strain of post-Vietnam "wisdom" which contends that a more active role for the legislative branch is the cornerstone of sound U.S. foreign policy, Congress decided to intervene by imposing an embargo on arms sales to Turkey. The resultant contribution to stabilizing the situation in Cyprus can be charitably described as marginal. The impact on our relations with Turkey was more direct: the Turkish government toyed with the idea of expelling United States military forces, and at present has placed the 25 American installations in the country under Turkish command.

The American military presence in Turkey is of no small strategic import. Bordering as it does on the Soviet Union, Turkey is a valuable missile installation site, as well as an excellent base for intelligence gathering operations. The latter activity in particular has suffered in the wake of the arms embargo. Washington, it is true, has not been able to work any diplomatic miracles in attempting to patch things up with Ankara, and pre-embargo relations may never be fully restored. But by and large, the Ford Administration has done a good job in dealing with a delicate problem, despite the heavy-handed meddling of Congress. Although the efficiency of our strategic operations has been hindered, we have not been forced to abandon them. And recently, the Administration succeeded in persuading Congress to back off from its earlier position, a move that augurs well for re-strengthening the Turkish link in the NATO defense structure. Given the overwhelming Democratic majorities on both sides of Capitol Hill, the current almost petulant assertiveness of the legislative branch in the heady arena of foreign affairs, and the general mood of non-cooperation with the Chief Executive that sets in as opposition Senators begin jockeying for the Presidential nomination, the Ford Administration's patient success on the issue of arms for Turkey is quite remarkable.

The final example of recent wisdom in United States foreign policy yields the greatest immediate emotional satisfaction. In the past few weeks, our shores have been graced by the arrival of Uganda's far-seeing president, the current chairman of the Organization of African Unity, the redoubtable General Idi Amin. "Big Daddy," as he is called, came to New York, like Yasir Arafat and many another peace-loving world leader, to address the UN General Assembly. Not surprisingly, in the course of his lecture the Ugandan ruler opined that the United States was an imperialist aggressor, and, consistent with prior *bon mots* like "Hitler was right," called for the "extinction of Israel as a state."

Such language is characteristic of the reasoned discourse that echoes in the halls of peaceful international cooperation. For once, however, the United States' response was not so characteristic. America's UN Ambassador, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, promptly and accurately labeled Amin a "racist murderer," whose chairmanship of the OAU was "no accident." One must understand that unlike the diatribes of an Arafat or an Amin, blunt honesty of this sort violates the spirit of the UN; the Dahomeys of the world took their usual immediate, deep offense. Yet despite all trendy talk of the need for sensitivity to the "Third World," and the predictable cluckings of much of the press (*Newsweek*, in a fine display of perspective, headlined the story "Moynihan's Outburst"), the Ford Administration has strongly backed its ambassador and his statement—a development almost as gratifying as the original remark.

Needless to say, I do not at all mean to argue that these disparate incidents prove that with Ford in the White House, all's right with the world. The point is simply that the nation does occasionally react intelligently in dealing with the rest of the globe, and that such occasions should not pass unremarked. No one has accused the President of being a genius, and his Secretary of State, who all too clearly revels when that accusation *is* leveled at him, has a far from unblemished track record. But the positions adopted by the Administration in connection with the events involving Spain, Turkey, and the visit of Idi Amin seem thoroughly prudent ones; and it also seems perfectly appropriate to acknowledge, when one has the chance, an achievement so rare as prudence. □

Arnold Beichman

The Roosevelt-Daniels Tapes

I have been much troubled by a book I read recently. It is called *White House Witness: 1942-1945*,* by Jonathan Daniels, last survivor of the staff immediately around President Roosevelt. Towards the end of World War II, Daniels became FDR's press secretary, succeeding Stephen Early. The jacket describes the book as "an intimate diary of the years with F.D.R." As I read the book I kept thinking to myself: "How would all these anecdotes and revelations have sounded had they been taped and then made public?"

My question did not arise so that the answer would congeal into a cunning apology for ex-President Nixon and his unsavory crew. My views on the Watergate scandal were published in *The Alternative* in the June-September 1974 issue, well before Nixon's resignation. Nor was I looking to fabricate a *tu quoque* argument. What troubled me was that the FDR I had supported in four successive elections would have lost my vote—surely to Wendell Willkie in 1940 and to Thomas E. Dewey probably in 1944—had I heard on tapes some of the things Daniels reports FDR or his associates said in private. But then I thought: why would you have voted for FDR's opponents without knowing what *their* tapes might have revealed about them?

For the hell of it, I have excerpted from the Daniels memoir some of his recitals and have turned them into dialogue where none exists except as indirect discourse. Where I quote directly—as shown by the use of inverted commas—it is either a direct quotation by Daniels himself or Daniels quoting someone directly. In each case I have given page numbers from the Daniels book should anyone want to check the original.

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Friday, 30 April 1943:

(*Present: Marvin McIntyre, a secretary to the President, Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, President Roosevelt, and Daniels himself. I have reconstructed the dialogue except for what is in quotation marks.*)

Daniels: Regarding the Fair Employment Practices Committee where we've been having so much trouble, I'd suggest that we let the whole business be centered in McIntyre rather than have lots of people fooling around with it, Mr. President.

P.: A good idea, let Mac handle it.

Daniels: I'd like also to suggest that the FEPC fight ought to be settled before President Barclay [of Liberia] comes here for his visit.

P.: Let's try. Which reminds me of my trip to Liberia after the Casablanca conference. I was talking to medical officers out there and they were appalled by the venereal disease rate among our Negro troops stationed in Liberia. I said to one of the doctors, "I suppose it must be ten or twelve per cent." He said, "Ten or

*Doubleday, $8.95.

twelve! It's 75 per cent." This same officer told me that venereal disease in Liberia is 100 per cent. "I suppose they all get it before they are grown, as I understand there is no such thing as chastity in Liberia after the age of five or six."

Davis: I wonder about President Barclay's condition. After all, you'll excuse me he is coming here to the White House. Perhaps they could wash off the toilet seat with Lysol.

P.: We'll consider that, Elmer. You've been having some trouble with the War Department, haven't you? There are complaints that due to the shortage of elastic, women can't keep their pants up.

Davis: Well, we've suggested to the War Department that if the Army kept its soldiers at home at night it wouldn't make any difference about elastic.

(*pages 165-166*)

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Thursday, 29 July 1943:

(*Present: President Roosevelt, Welch Pogue, chairman, Civil Aeronautics Board, Daniels.*)

Daniels: That was a grand speech you made last night, Mr. President.

P.: It wasn't bad, Jonathan. Welch, I'm glad you're here.

Pogue: Thank you, Mr. President.

P.: I want to talk to you about the airline situation after the war. I discussed this with the British even when Chamberlain was Prime Minister and particularly the development of the West Indies, all of them, British, American, Dutch, and French.

Pogue: Good.

P.: I told them that I wanted those islands to produce more than "sugar and niggers." One of the best ways to do this is with tourists.

(*p. 180*)

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Wednesday, 13 January 1944:

(*Present: Stephen Early, FDR's press secretary, and Daniels.*)

Daniels: Steve, I'm worried about the bad publicity Harry Hopkins has been getting.

Early: "The trouble is to find a clean spot on Harry anywhere." You know the story about the Beaverbrook jewels; you just can't explain them away. Perhaps they weren't emeralds but they were certainly diamonds. "I have seen them myself. Fortunately for Harry they were antique diamond clips which had been in Beaverbrook's family for some time. Harry didn't declare them and smuggled them into the country. He then sent them over to Gaston [Asst. Secretary of the Treasury Herbert E. Gaston] and said he wanted a statement from them to the effect that they were declared for duty and what about it. They had been appraised and examined and established the fact that they were antique and not subject to duty. You know, Harry first married a Jewess and then threw her away to marry his secretary. Apparently that was real love but she died of cancer of the breast and he married this girl Louise Macy. Bernie Baruch knows who she is. Jock Whitney knows who she is."

Daniels: But what has all this to do with the diamonds?

Early: The story came out in the *Washington Times-Herald* about a bridal gift to Mrs. Hopkins from Beaverbrook who worked with Harry on the Lend-Lease program. Mrs. Hopkins denied everything, "I don't even own one emerald. It's a lie. I never owned an emerald and don't own one now." Even I denied it for the White House by saying that the charges were "malicious rumors and statements now being published by certain newspapers hostile to the government and to certain officials of the government." They weren't emeralds but they were certainly diamonds.

(*pp. 209-210*)

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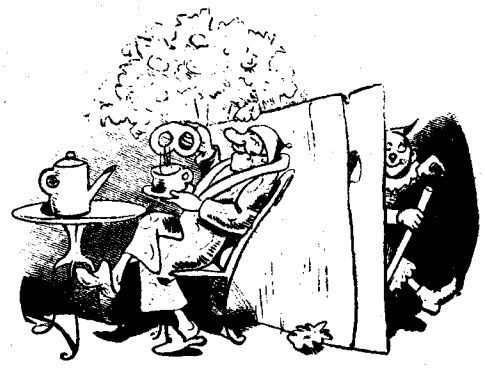
Tuesday, 3 August 1943:

(*Present: David Niles, assistant to FDR, and Daniels.*)

Niles: The story about Henry Wallace and the letters is quite simple. There's a rich Texas newspaper millionaire, Charles Marsh, who's a believer in spiri-



tualism, like Wallace and his assistant. Somehow letters on spiritualism written on Department of Agriculture stationery had gotten into the hands of Republicans. There was a medium in the Department of Agriculture who had gotten fired. He stole right out of Wallace's files letters which showed that Wallace got his directions as to government policies from the spirit world. Roy Howard was offered these letters for publication. "The letters were finally purchased by Paul Block, the publisher, and he sent a reporter to confront Wallace with the letters. We were afraid that Wallace, being an honest guy, would say, 'Yes I wrote them, so what?' "

Daniels: Well, what happened?

Niles: "Every day the Democrats expected the story to break. I must have lost fifty pounds in three weeks. We went out and dug up some dirty stuff on Willkie, with photographs showing that Willkie's father had been buried in potter's field as a drunkard with whom Willkie would have nothing to do. Only after the 1940 Presidential campaign began did he have his body moved to a decent part of the cemetery."

Daniels: What did you do with that stuff?

Niles: "We let the Republicans know that if they used the Wallace stuff, we were going to use the stuff on Willkie. The Wallace letters were never used, but they are still in the possession of the Republicans."

(*pp. 182-184*)

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Tuesday, 25 July 1943:

(*Present: Daniels and Victor Rotnem, attorney for a philatelist trade association and a Washington stamp-dealer.*)

Rotnem: You know I never trusted [Secretary of the Interior] Harold Ickes.

Daniels: You're not the only one.

Rotnem: You remember the scandal where Jim Farley distributed unperforated sheets of stamps to members of the Cabinet and others.

Daniels: I sure do. Somebody sold a sheet of stamps and they got a high price on the stamp market. That's how the scandal started. The President wanted to make it clear that no member of his Cabinet had sold the stamps.

Rotnem: Right, but in the meantime Ickes had sent out his stamp assistant [sic]—he's now the President's stamp adviser—to my company where I swapped the unperforated sheets for other stamps of equal value. Then the President asked his Cabinet members to show him their stamp sheets and that they hadn't sold them. Ickes tried to buy back the unperforated stamps or swap them back. I refused to do so, so Ickes asked me to lend him the stamps and he'd give me a receipt for them. I did that.

Daniels: Then Ickes took your borrowed stamps to the White House and showed them to the President. Ickes then got a news item into the papers that Honest Harold had shown the President he still had the unperforated sheets.

Rotnem: And then Ickes returned the sheets to my stamp company. A man who could do that could forge a letter from Harry Hopkins.

Daniels: I know the letter you mean, the one in the autumn of 1943, when C. Nelson Sparks published his anti-Willkie pamphlet. Sparks had been the Republican mayor of Akron and hated Willkie. The pamphlet had a letter supposedly from Hopkins to some educator, in which Hopkins was predicting that Willkie would again be Republican nominee for President in 1944. Sparks used this letter as proof that Willkie was the President's stooge.

Rotnem: Yes, I remember that.

Daniels: Hopkins was furious and denounced the letter as a forgery. He asked the FBI to investigate. It turned out that the letter on authentic White House stationery had been given to Sparks by an assistant to Ickes, George N. Briggs.

Briggs was later indicted by a Federal grand jury on charges of forgery, mail fraud, and getting money under false pretenses but he died before the case could be tried.

(pp. 211-214)

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These are some of the incidents recounted by Daniels. None of them really touched FDR—not even remotely—in the same way that Watergate besmirched Nixon and led to his downfall. I suppose what I'm trying to show is that human nature is neither Democratic nor Republican. Chappaquiddick is no more a Democratic crime than Watergate is a Republican crime. Stupidity, avarice, arrogance abound everywhere, including Washington, D.C. No doubt one could take conversations of Lyndon Johnson, Dwight Eisenhower, and Harry Truman and find some god-awful things they had said in private. There are some conversations Ben Bradlee has reported in his recent memoir of John F. Kennedy which are sad to read, and Bradlee was a friend. Imagine if all of Bradlee's reports had been on uncensored tapes!

The more I've thought about the question, the more I've wondered just whose privately taped conversations in the White House might have been made public without creating what Theodore H. White has described as the "breach of faith." Who, say, since Woodrow Wilson? Calvin Coolidge? We need to bring back to the White House the idea that a gentleman and a well-brought-up family live within its precincts, and that their private conversations, were they ever to be revealed, would show an alignment between private and public image. Perhaps Gerald Ford may demonstrate that there can be a gentleman in the White House. That would certainly be nice for a change. □

Herbert Stein

Double-Digit Inflation!!!

People say this is a hard, dog-eat-dog business. They're wrong. It's full of sentiment.

Take me and Manny, for instance. Every two or three months he calls me up and says he has a great idea for a picture. So I invite him to lunch at Pip's. I know I'm going to pick up the tab. An economics professor at UCLA isn't going to pay the lunch check at Pip's. So, why do I do it? Is it because he might have a commercial idea? Never. Pure sentiment. I can't tell why. Maybe it's because we went to the same high school. Maybe it's because he's my brother.

Like the other day. As soon as we order the martinis, he starts.

"Joe," he says, "I've got the picture idea of the century." "It's about time," I grunted. "The century's three-quarters over."

He pays no attention.

"Look," he goes on. "What's the biggest thing going today?"

"Easy. Natural disasters. But it's all over. We've run out of disasters."

"No, we haven't. We've overlooked the biggest one. Numero Uno on every pollster's list of what people are most afraid of. Double-digit inflation."

"Look kid. We all know you're smart. We're proud of that Ph.D. you got from Harvard. But, don't tell me what people are afraid of. They're afraid of sharks. They're afraid of earthquakes, burning skyscrapers, capsizing luxury liners. Things like that."

"But, the polls..."

"I know about polls. Somebody rings your doorbell in Omaha, Nebraska and asks you what you're worried about. Do you tell him you're worried about sharks? Do you tell him you're afraid of being possessed by a devil? No. You don't want to be sent to the funny-farm. So, you tell him you're worried about inflation. You think it makes you sound like Eric Sevareid."

"But, Joe, how did the people learn to be afraid of sharks, and earthquakes, and so on? They learned it from the movies. We can make a movie that'll frighten the pants off them about inflation. And we start with the advantage that they're already frightened, even if you're half right about the polls."

I knew I couldn't stop him anyway, so I asked him to tell me the story.

"Well, we start with an economist. Maybe he went to Harvard and teaches at UCLA. Anyway, he has this enormous econometric model and this enormous computer. One day he presses the button, the lights flash, the wheels spin, and he gets this print-out, 'Double-digit inflation coming.' He can't believe it. He pushes the button again, same flashing lights, same spinning wheels, same print-out."

"Then what?" I couldn't help asking. "Did he recheck his model and his computer?"

"Don't be silly. He gets out a press release. 'Famous UCLA economist, Nobel prize candidate, predicts double-digit inflation.' "

"And then I suppose the public ostracizes him, the way it always did Paul Muni and Don Ameche when they discovered something in the old movies."

"No. Times have changed. The American people are so guilty over their affluence that they idolize anybody who tells them things are terrible, or are going to be. He appears on the Today Show and AM America and goes around the country giving $5,000-a-shot lectures.

"At first people don't believe him. They just listen to be titillated. But, then we see the monthly price indexes creeping up. The rate of inflation rises to eight percent, then to nine percent, then it's ten percent. Bingo! Double-digit inflation is here! We get some wonderful panic shots. Women storming the supermarkets to buy up the aluminum foil before the hoarders get there. Massive traffic jams on the throughways, as all the workers get into their campers and rush to Florida for one last vacation before their money becomes worthless.

"Then we switch to Washington. We have a great night scene of a torchlight parade of University of Chicago economists around the Federal Reserve Building, chanting, 'Down with the money supply!'

"At the height of the excitement, the President's wife goes on the 60 Minutes television show. They ask her what she has to say to the citizens who are angry because selling wheat to the Soviets has raised the price of bread to a dollar a loaf. You know what she answers?"

"I can guess," I reply wearily.

"Right!" he plows on. " 'Let 'em eat piroshkes!' she says. That infuriates the Congress, and resolutions are introduced to impeach the First Lady.

"So the President decides he better do something about the inflation. He calls an emergency meeting of the Septet."

"What's the Septet?"

"It's the President's top committee of economic advisers. It includes the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Labor, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, the President's Special Assistant for Economic Affairs, and the White House photographer."

"The White House photographer? How did he get on that committee?"

"Oh, he's on all the high-level committees. The principals won't come to a meeting unless they're sure a photographer will be there. Anyway, I thought at first of having the President and the Septet go up to Camp David in helicopters for the meeting. It would have been a good cinema, but I was afraid the Eastern press would say it was too Nixonian and

would pan it. So, I would have them meet in the Oval Office."

"Well," I was becoming impatient, "that's all window-dressing. The question is, how are you going to stop the double-digit inflation?"

"You're right. That's the hard part, and I have to do some more work on that. I'm sure we'll think of something before we get to the end, if we only put the picture into production. I see it going something like this:

"The President's Special Assistant suggests they should distribute a lot of buttons saying WIN for Whip Inflation Now. He knows where the buttons could be gotten cheap. But, the President doesn't like that idea.

"Then everybody agrees they should do something about taxes, but the Secretary of the Treasury thinks taxes should be cut to encourage investment and production and the others think taxes should be raised to reduce purchasing power. The Secretary of the Treasury argues for cutting spending. The Director of OMB says the next thing on his list for cutting is the Internal Revenue Service, and the Secretary withdraws the suggestion. The Chairman of the CEA says that monetary growth ought to be restricted, but the Chairman of the Federal Reserve says that's a superficial idea. The problem, he says, is not too much money; it's too little oil and wheat. But, nobody knows how to get more oil and wheat, so they're at a dead end.

"Finally, the photographer comes up with the suggestion that they should have an incomes policy. The President asks him what that means. He says he isn't sure, he just read about it in the newspapers, but it seemed to involve the President meeting with leaders of business and labor and asking them not to raise prices and wages too much. There seemed to be a lot of good photo opportunities in it.

"The President likes this idea, but the Secretary of Labor warns him that he can't do it without the approval of George Meany and he knows what that requires. He has to play golf with Meany. The President balks at this. He says he played golf with Meany to get him to the inflation summit last year, to get him to put in a good word with Solzhenitsyn, and to get him to permit exports of grain to the Russians. He finds Meany a charming golfing companion, but he can't stand having to lose every time to a man over eighty. But, the others urge him and finally he agrees to play, but won't promise to lose.

"So, we come to the big climax—the golf match between the President and Meany. It's like the struggle between Brody and the white shark, only better, because tens of millions of Americans play golf and how many hunt white sharks? We can get Nicklaus and Weiskopf to shoot the golf balls. The match has angles. It's not only a golf contest between the President and Meany, but also psychological battle within the President. Should he be honest and win or throw the match for the good of the country?

"On the eighteenth hole the President misses a seven-inch putt and loses the match. We never know whether he missed the putt on purpose or not. But, Meany agrees to the incomes policy and everybody is happy."

"But, you've told me a hundred times that an incomes policy won't stop inflation," I complained.

"That's the beauty of the idea," he assured me. "Next year you can have a sequel called, 'The Return of Double-Digit Inflation.' "

I thought for several minutes. The kid had obviously worked hard on this, but I had to tell him the truth.

"It won't work, Manny. It's not show business. It's too realistic."

That's the way it always is. But, still, the next time he calls with an idea, I'll ask him to lunch again. Pure sentiment. □

The Great American Saloon Series

by Gerald Holland

The Great American Braumeister

Whatever odium may be attached to beer in other parts of the Republic, its status in St. Louis is as firmly grounded as James Eads' span across the Mississippi. Notwithstanding the desperate fight of the local Methodists to erase the blot from the city's history, the record stands. Beer made St. Louis, and Adolphus Busch made the beer.

This king of brewers, curiously enough, was not really a brewer at all: he was a super-salesman, perhaps the greatest ever in America. He knew good beer, to be sure, and always sought it, but he did not know how to make it, and although he eventually found men who did, that was a detail. He sold the bad almost as easily as he sold the good. He could have sold anything. At one point in the early career of the Anheuser-Busch Brewery its product was so inferior that St. Louis rowdies were known to project mouthfuls of it back over the bar. But Adolphus kept on selling it, and presently it was better, and by and by, incarnated as Budweiser, Michelob, and Faust, it was the best in America.

Prior to 1850, despite the attempts of some French and English brewers to ply the town, there was very little beer in St. Louis. But by 1857, when Adolphus Busch arrived, German settlers had conquered St. Louis, and a profusion of beergardens and breweries had sprung up all over town. The largest brewery had been started by Adam Lemp, whose craft has been perpetuated by his descendants. And when Eberhard Anheuser had made enough money manufacturing soap to buy out the Bavarian Brewery, the stage was set for the entrance of the principal actor in that great drama—the drama of beer.

Adolphus came to St. Louis at the age of 18, with a sound training from the *Gymnasium* in Mainz. After working with a wholesale commission house, and participating in some random Civil War skirmishes on the side of the Union, he entered the brewers' supply business. An inconspicuous start, but Adolphus soon found his way to glory.

Among his customers was the aforementioned Eberhard Anheuser. Eberhard, a brewer but no salesman, found difficulty in disposing of the beer that his small equipment produced—a mere 8000 barrels annually—and before long he found himself owing young Adolphus considerable money. The bill mounted and finally the supply agent was offered an interest in the brewery in lieu of payment. Adolphus grabbed the opportunity, for he had cast an appreciative eye upon Anheuser's pretty daughter, Lily. Ulrich Busch, his brother, had meanwhile been paying attentions to Anna, the elder sister of Lily. The dual courtship was pursued with characteristic energy and dis-

patch. A year later a double wedding resulted and Adolphus joined his talents to those of his father-in-law.

Here was man's work and he pitched into it with zest. By 1875 he had risen to the status of co-partner and the works were incorporated under the name of Anheuser-Busch. In 1880 old Eberhard went to his reward and Adolphus prepared for his really great achievements. His first objective was the local market; so far as he knew, indeed, it was to be the extent of his operations. Brewing was then distinctly a local industry. There was no bottled beer and without the protection of refrigeration the keg brew was sure to spoil if shipped to distant points. Consequently, the St. Louis trade was the plum, and it was a luscious one, for the natives, including those whose forebears had been hostile to the lures of drink, were already consuming millions of gallons a year. There was money to be made and Adolphus set out to make it.

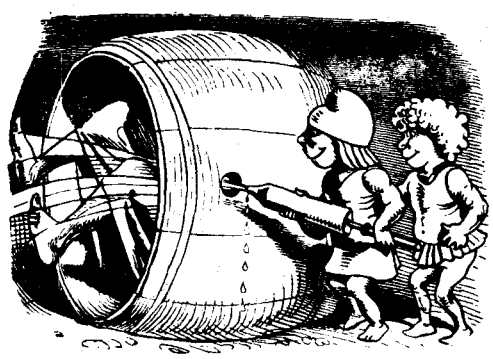
He hadn't the best beer in town by several kegs full. William Lemp, son of old Adam, had a brew that was vastly superior. Adolphus knew it, and he worked feverishly to correct his own deficiency. But in his energetic search for a brewer and a formula, he never let his production be interrupted. If bad beer was all that he could produce, he had to find a market for it. Competition was bitter but the profit was enormous. The sales strategy centered around the so-called beer collector, who bought and did not sell. All brewers had such spending agents, but Adolphus gathered a crew that was extraordinarily accomplished; he infused into its members his own masterly manner, and as a result his beer was soon selling almost as well as Lemp's.

Every saloon that sold Busch beer was favored with a visit by the collector once each month, and in each he spent royally an amount proportionate to its monthly buy. The collector was thus an important personage. In Carondelet, the German section, his social position was high, and even in Kerry Patch, altogether Celtic, he was greeted with profound respect. A gang of idlers followed his buggy all through the day. The collector made no complaint; so long as it was Busch beer that was being drunk, it made little difference who drank it. Taking drink for drink himself, he entered saloon after saloon, radiating a magnificent geniality and prefacing his ever-ready oration on any subject with a wave of a beer stein and, "Vell, I tell you."

The collector had other duties beyond this mere buying of drinks. He was expected to attend all funerals in the families of saloon-keepers, and to exhibit a decent grief. At the Irish wakes in the Patch, he wept with the most accomplished weepers. For that accomplishment he was known in Carondelet as the *Todsaüfer*—the dead-drinker. In the midst of his most bitter sobs, he was kept under close watch by all the male mourners, for they knew that, once the rites were over, there would be a gay time at the bar of the nearest Busch customer.

The collector was also prominent at all weddings that had any bearing on the local market. He was ready with a gift for the happy couple, a story for the dinner, and a kiss for the bride. At Christmas he had a handsome present for the saloonkeeper's wife; its value was in proportion to the weekly sales. He extended his operations through the German lodges; he tumbled with the *Turnvereine* and roared and gurgled with the *Gesangvereine*. Obviously, he was in a position to wield a considerable influence in local politics. More often than not, in fact, he was the ward committeeman. One collector, concentrating his whole talents in this field, rose to be Police Commissioner. The majority, however, remained true to Busch and beer.

That was the day of elegant art in the saloons. Every brewery issued a complimentary series of paintings, and those of Anheuser-Busch were of outstanding merit. One of the most inspiring was "Custer's Last Fight," in which scalped patriots and fierce Indians with poised knives were vividly portrayed. Altogether a noble work, it prompted many a barroom oration. Another Busch opus was a brilliant poster depicting Adolphus himself and Bismarck. In it Adolphus was made to say, "I can assure Your Excellency that beer is the national drink of America." The dictator received the information with his usual stern look, albeit with evident satisfaction.



There was perhaps more beer consumed in St. Louis while the breweries were running full blast than in any other city of its size in the world. Carondelet drank constantly, and Kerry Patch spent its evenings indulging the now lost art of rushing the can. With beer at five cents a glass, including free lunch, it was a luxury within the reach of everyone, however humble. At one point in the rivalry of the breweries beer was even cheaper than that. An English syndicate attempted to crowd in on the local market during the nineties. It succeeded in buying up most of the smaller works, but William Lemp and Adolphus refused to sell. A beer war ensued. The price of a barrel dropped from $6 to $3. The saloonkeepers, instead of combining and pocketing the extra profit, cut the price to two glasses for five cents. Rock bottom was touched when one enterprising retailer offered two glasses of beer and a boat ride on the small lake adjoining his saloon, all for five cents. Lemp and Busch weathered the fight and the Englishmen retired in confusion.

II.

Because of the incessant warfare of the brewers for the local market, the process of obtaining a saloon was no difficult task for any aspiring barkeep with a hundred dollars or so. He needed only hint of his intention to a few brewery collectors and then recline to take his choice of propositions. Adolphus Busch made the offer most generally accepted.

When he had selected a neighborhood, the prospective saloon-keeper first had to get the approbation of a majority of its residents. Armed with that, he bought a government license for a trifle of $25. There remained the necessity of obtaining fixtures, glassware, and the city license, which cost $600. Adolphus took care of all three. He arranged for the rental of a shop, put in the fixtures and a few choice murals, and then directed the young man to begin. He charged the new customer $9 for a $6 keg of beer and applied the extra $3 to the city license.

With all his ingenious devices, however, Adolphus was still trailing Lemp when bottled beer dawned upon the world. Adolphus was to turn this technical advance into a brewing revolution, for bottled beer could not only be brought home, it could also be shipped to distant points unspoiled. Adolphus realized that brewing no longer had to be a purely local business, and though he didn't have the first bottled beer in town he was the first to bottle it for shipping. He accomplished that under peculiar circumstances.

A close friend, Conrad the wine merchant, had been experimenting with the new process. He was the real father of Budweiser. The story goes that while traveling in Bohemia during the early seventies he dined at a small monastery where he was served a brew that he immediately declared to be the best he had ever tasted. He offered the holy man who had made it a good price for the recipe He got it.

Returning to America, he had the Busch brewery make the beer for him and called it Budweiser after the town of Budweis, where he had discovered it. He bottled the new drink in his own small shop But soon, like old Eberhard Anheuser, he found it hard to keep his books balanced, and before long he was in debt to Adolphus. While the bill was increasing, the new pasteurization process made it possible to bottle beer that would remain forever unspoiled. Adolphus met the situation immediately; he wiped out the debt and staggered Conrad with an offer for the formula. He was taken up and Conrad joined the Busch brewery as technician.

Now the stage was set. Adolphus had bottled beer to sell; not only that, but he had the best bottled beer in the country at the moment. While his rivals in St. Louis were struggling with wagon-load orders, he coolly turned his back on the local market, invested deeply in a wardrobe,

and set out as a traveling ambassador of beer.

He scoured the nation, and eventually the world, everywhere preaching the gospel of Budweiser. His work was done magnificently. In a few years, the beer trade of the United States was predominantly in the hands of Anheuser-Busch. Adolphus had an agent in every city in the Union, and owned real estate in every state. The plant in St. Louis expanded to such a point that it almost dwarfed the city. It employed 7500 men and covered 142 acres of ground, and there were 110 individual buildings in the group. The payroll exceeded $10 million a year and the properties were worth $40 million. Every year Anheuser-Busch flung 1,600,000 barrels of beer to a thirsty world. All but ten percent of it was drunk in the United States, but even the relatively small amount send abroad exceeded the entire sales, domestic and foreign, of most of its rivals.

Adolphus widened his field. He bought a railroad or two, a coal mine, and several hotels. With Budweiser now the chief product of his brewery, he reduced his sixteen brands to four—Michelob, Faust, Budweiser, and the standard pale beer. Michelob was perhaps the best beer ever made in pre-Prohibition America and the most expensive: it sold for twenty-five cents a glass. Like Budweiser, it originated in Bohemia, but in this case it was Adolphus himself who found it. He bought a glass of beer there for a few cents that struck him as being even better than Budweiser. He returned home and ordered his staff to duplicate it. Michelob was the result, but it cost so much that the sales were always comparatively small. In New York, at one bar at least, it was sold for forty cents by a barkeep who told his patrons that it was imported. Before Prohibition Michelob was never bottled.

Faust was named in honor of Tony Faust, the St. Louis restaurant proprietor who was Adolphus' best friend. It was less expensive, but withal an excellent brew worthy of the sound food that accompanied it at Tony's.

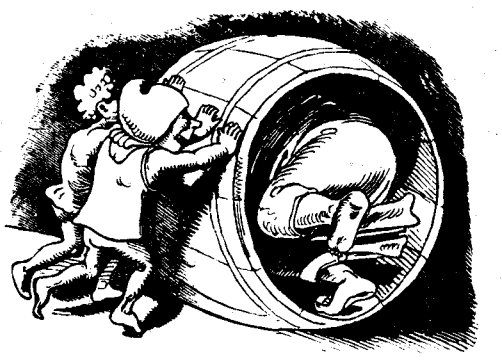
Meanwhile, the Lemps desperately followed the lead of Adolphus and achieved a wide circulation of Falstaff. But the old competition was ended. Adolphus had no rivals.

III.

Now his name was revered at home, and abroad he was received with the deference due to a merchant prince. At the Holland House in New York it was a tradition that he took more time to sign the register than any other guest, so busy was he with handshaking admirers. He had outguessed all his rivals; he was the king of the brewers. In middle age he was an imposing figure. He was essentially great and grand; the commonplace stifled him. He wore flowing mustachios and a trim goatee, and was robust and erect. His deep voice, with its trace of accent, was such as to command attention anywhere. He liked the role of benevolent monarch and he played it well. But he never took himself too seriously. One day while driving through his brewery principality with a reporter for a St. Louis newspaper, he remarked the bowing and scraping of his employees as his buggy passed with, "See, just like der king!"

He was fond of the reporters and they were fond of the frequent assignments to interview him. Before the interviewer asked his first question, he could be sure that Adolphus would ask this one, "Vell, vot to drink?" One young man sought to please him by calling for Budweiser. "Ach," said Adolphus, "dot schlop?"

Possessed of boundless energy and limitless good humor, he had the rare quality of adaptability. After a tedious day at the brewery, he was always ready for the less intricate problems that arose over the boards at Tony Faust's restaurant, where it was his habit to spend a portion of every evening. There he basked in the light of popular favor. He was always a welcome guest, if for no other reason than that he always paid for the drinks. One of his favorite diversions was to display his ability as a connoisseur of wines. He would call for bottles of ten brands and name the vintage of each



after a sip. He covered every bet that disputed his judgment, and win or lose, he laughed loudly, paid for every bottle, and ordered drinks all 'round.

Faust, a constant sufferer from the wit of Adolphus, was always trying to turn a trick on him. One attempt turned out to be a miserable failure. Busch and Faust were standing talking at the bar. A beggar approached and asked for alms. "This is the proprietor," said Faust, indicating Busch. "Sure," said Busch—and he went behind the bar and extracted $5 of Faust's money from the till for the supplicant.

While Busch and Faust were in Paris another time, Busch, who knew several languages, was helping his friend to learn French. He dictated the order for the dinner to Faust, who repeated it to the waiter. At the end of the meal, Tony asked how he might order cigars. Busch told him in language that called for the check.

Adolphus was himself a free and easy spender. He maintained his family in a luxury that included estates in all parts of America and a castle on the Rhine. He was philanthropic as well, but he always made it clear that he gave because the notion appealed to him and not because he thought he owed the world anything. His gifts included handsome donations to Washington University in St. Louis and to Harvard. He sent tons of money to the Vaterland. And every Groundhog Day he gave $5000 to a Catholic convent in St. Louis.

His workers, too, fared well at his generous hands. Every man in the brewery was entitled to a generous portion of free beer every day; not only that, he was expected to drink it. The trips to the keg were considered a vital portion of the day's routine. One man was ejected from the brew-workers' union because of failing in that particular: he went to court about it and a decision was solemnly rendered to the effect that in the judgment of the court it was not necessary for a man to drink beer at any time during the day in order to do a normal day's work. The union scoffed at the doctrine, but it reinstated the man.

Adolphus was a political power in St. Louis because as he voted so did all of Carondelet. The first proof of his potency came when he backed Eddie Noonan for mayor in the late eighties, and on the strength of his approval, Eddie walked into office. As a result Eddie's gratitude was boundless. No favor was too great for him to do for his benefactor. Noting the fact, the jobseekers descended upon Busch, asking his intercession. Disliking to refuse anyone outright, he gave every applicant a letter to the mayor, enumerating several imaginary but laudable qualities in the bearer. But he arranged with Noonan that if the eye of the eagle on the Busch letterhead had not been pricked with a pin, the statements therein were to be disregarded. Upon being presented with a note, Noonan would pretend to read it. Actually he held it up to the light for the pin-prick. If it was there, he assured the gentleman that a place would be made for him. If not: "Young man, you go back and tell Adolphus Busch that Eddie Noonan runs his administration as he damn well pleases and that no Dutch brewer can tell him who to hire!"

The abashed job-seeker departed, confirmed in his conviction that Busch had a heart of gold and equally sure that Noonan was an egg of the worst sort. The method remained in use until the pin-prick sesame became known and applicants took to puncturing the eagle's eye for themselves.

In his day, Adolphus Busch was so well liked that if he caught a cold a dozen organizations and conventions would adopt resolutions of sympathy before he had time to sneeze. On the occasion of his fiftieth wedding anniversary, festivals were held throughout the land. He wasn't in St. Louis at the time, but the admiring natives threw a big party at the Coliseum and drank forty thousand bottles of free beer in honor of the event, after sending a solid gold card of congratulations to the prince and his wife in California. Adolphus very fittingly observed the day by crowning his consort with a diamond studded diadem.

Nevertheless, he encountered a certain

social coolness in St. Louis. He didn't care. The *haut monde*, in his day, was just a matter of the earliest worms, and if it did not fancy Busch the brewmaster, he gave it no more than an imperceptible damn. He gathered about him his own circle of friends and let it go at that. He wasn't interested in society if he could find good fellows to associate with.

IV.

Death was as merciful to old Adolphus as life had been kind. It claimed him a scant year before his peoples set upon one another, and it spared him, too, the subsequent solemn declaration that to traffic in his beloved beer constituted one a felon.

He died at Villa Lily, his castle on the Rhine that he had named for his wife. His burial, as he had directed, was in St. Louis, the scene of his conquests. There the townsfolk were one in mourning the merchant prince. There was never before a funeral like his. Six thousand employees marched in line and twenty-five trucks were required to transport the floral tributes. The Kaiser sent his personal representative and the President of the United States his condolences. The city made no secret of its grief.

But it soon forgot. The war days brought all the Busches and all of Carondelet into sudden dishonor. The four-minute boys kept the German sector under strict surveillance. The sad-eyed St. Louis Germans went through the motions of flag-waving while inwardly hoching der Kaiser. The Busches—Adolphus no doubt rested easier after this—dispatched a secretary after a block of Liberty Bonds and passively weathered the storm without forsaking their own people for violent pseudo-Americanism.

When the war waned the fresh horror of Prohibition confronted them. Most American brewers had dismissed the warnings. "Ho," they scoffed, "die American peebul—dey vill neffer stand for dot!" But the rumblings grew more distinct. The brewers were in very bad odor on patriotic grounds. Their association had been involved in a German alliance late in the war. Later, they were caught in an attempt to buy a newspaper. There were omens. A young lady Sunday-school teacher in Chicago was ousted because she was found to be in the employ of a brewer.

Soon, then, the blow struck. There were, of course, no impecunious days in the offing for the Busches. The $50 million that old Adolphus had made and saved precluded any such possibility. The plant might have been closed down entirely. But the Busches chose the course of *noblesse oblige*. The brewery would stay open and the sinful apparatus would be cleansed, that it might make sweets and goodies to truly confound the Devil. And when it became evident that enforcement would be a myth, Busch malt and yeast sold tremendously.

Years now have passed since the drought, and old Adolphus' descendants live on, true to his traditions, in the grand, baronial manner. The old home of Adolphus in the shadow of the malthouse is deserted now, but in its stead stands a castle built far out in the country (though taken in a bit today by the suburban sprawl) on the acres that General Grant once tilled with his own hands. It is an amazing estate—one that would shame a Kaiser.

The children of Adolphus in a castle... on land where President Grant once lived... pretty damn swell, by Gott! □

Donald L. Clark

The Benefits from Helsinki

Can *Time*, the *Wall Street Journal*, Senator Jackson, George Ball, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn all agree on something and still be wrong? The members of this diverse group all think that the recent Helsinki Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, CSCE, was a best a farce and more likely a Soviet victory and an American defeat. I contend that the Conference served American interests better than its critics have supposed.

CSCE, as its critics point out, was a Soviet idea, and when the Soviets and their Warsaw Pact satellites began suggesting an all-European conference about ten years ago, the idea was clearly not in American and Western European interests. The United States and Western Europe said as much. What is the point in talking about security and cooperation, we asked, if the Soviets show no willingness to reduce their forces in Central Europe, if they refuse to recognize Western rights in Berlin, and if they do not allow much trade and travel between East and West? Furthermore, since the security of Western Europe is so closely tied to the NATO alliance, our European allies objected to Soviet proposals for a purely European conference, without full American and Canadian participation.

By 1973 it had become much more difficult to object to Soviet proposals. Russia had signed a four-power treaty that cleared up problems over Berlin. Western businessmen were now able to sell their wares in the Comecon countries, and though movement was still restricted for citizens of those countries, Westerners could travel much more freely behind the Iron Curtain. The Soviets now said they would accept American and Canadian participation in the conference. And finally, many Western European leaders began to itch for some diplomatic pageantry of the sort CSCE would provide.

There remained the question of military forces, and this was to become the real impetus for CSCE, or at least for American participation. In 1973 the U.S. Congress launched its strongest attack yet on the American overseas force structure, and the Administration did not know how long it could hold off the Congressional imposition of unilateral force reductions, especially in Europe. Administration leaders, strongly supported by the military, felt that troop reductions would do less harm and be far more palatable to our allies if they were accompanied by balanced Soviet reductions. Thus, we began pushing for a Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions Conference, MBFR. Since the Soviets were sponsoring a CSCE call, and since the first big summit was abuilding, the logical diplomatic linkage became obvious and was forged. The U.S. would now support a CSCE if the Soviets would also come to MBFR.

This linkage is important and it goes far to explain U.S. efforts and expectations about CSCE. From MBFR we expected a concrete and significant act of detente to develop—actual mutual *reductions* of military forces at the point where East meets West. On the other hand, the U.S. expected CSCE to deal mostly with words and phrases. The U.S. planned to be a positive force in CSCE mainly to encourage positive Soviet action in MBFR.

Western objectives for CSCE—pageantry, stimulus for MBFR, the fact that it was becoming difficult to object to the conference—were therefore limited. But once at the conference, the U.S. and our allies decided to make the most of whatever bargaining power was available. The Western Europeans latched on to an American idea of pushing agreements to increase the flow of ideas and human contact between East and West.

The Soviet objectives in CSCE were also fairly limited. The Soviets had originally proposed the conference in the hopes it would give legitimacy to the post-World War II borders. The need for this legitimacy, however, has been much less important in the last few years, for the Soviet treaty with West Germany had ratified the German-Polish border, and the invasion of Czechoslovakia had once

again demonstrated the powerlessness of the West to do anything about such borders. The primary Soviet aim for CSCE in the last few years has been pageantry, in accordance with their view that "looks are more important than deeds," and in the hopes that Brezhnev would bask in the limelight as the creator of a major conference.

The Agreement and the Criticisms

Under careful examination, the CSCE agreement clearly makes no wild claims. It is not and was never meant to be enforceable. Instead, it is a document of guidance, understanding, and commitment. For the U.S. and our allies it will be easy to adhere to but for the Communists, not so. Yet our President is criticized for signing it while their leader is lauded beyond belief. What does it actually say? Stripped of the adjectives and diplomatic tone, its most important clauses state that the signatories (1) foreswear interference in the internal affairs of each other, (2) foreswear the use of force or threats of force to settle differences, (3) accept the post-World War II boundaries and promise to revise them only by negotiation and peaceful means, (4) are encouraged to pre-announce certain military maneuvers and movements near borders and invite military observers to them, (5) will attempt to increase trade and scientific coperation, and (6) will allow increased flow of people and ideas. These statements strike me as being quite consistent with the traditional aims of American foreign policy. Indeed, I suspect that many of those who criticize the agreement most strenuously have actually not read it.

For the critics have concentrated single-mindedly on the legitimacy accorded the postwar borders. But are we really ready to free Latvia by military intervention? The West German government considers the agreement a success, and yet the borders issue has more significance for it than for any other Western participant. If the U.S. were willing to invade Lithuania or support the next Hungarian uprising with something more than the rhetoric of last time, then the critics would be fair in their criticism. But in the era of nuclear parity, peaceful means of changing borders was the only viable option open to East or West, both before CSCE and after. What loss can it be to admit that? In a strange bit of logic, the critics claim that the agreement takes away from the West options to unite Germany or free enslaved nations, but on the other hand, where the agreement says something the West wants, like "human contact" or non-interference in others' affairs, they scoff and say the agreement is meaningless. You can't have it both ways.

Moreover, I contend that the "human contact" provisions of the agreement are not entirely meaningless. The Soviets fought the "human contact" issue at every point during negotiations and gave ground only grudgingly. They considered it an odious proposal and even made it clear that it would prove a hollow victory for the West if we insisted on broad rights. "We will simply treat it like Yalta and interpret it our way," they said. I suspect, however, that if they considered the victory so hollow they wouldn't have fought against it so hard. CSCE was by no means a shellacking of the West by the East. Even on the issues of the borders, the Soviets did not attain their full objectives. They wanted the postwar borders to be permanent, with no exceptions; instead, according to the Helsinki agreement borders may be changed by negotiation.

I do not mean to imply that there were no problems with CSCE; there are costs to be paid in any agreement between parties. Indeed, I think the United States may have made a serious mistake in the course of negotiations, a mistake which has gone relatively unnoticed by the critics. Remember what I said about the American strategy to use CSCE in order to get MBFR? At first, it worked very well, and the preliminary conferences for CSCE and MBFR both began and terminated at the same time. But now that CSCE is over, we still have yet to reach Phase I of MBFR. In other words, we failed to use our leverage in CSCE to keep the momentum of MBFR going. Perhaps we do not want MBFR as much as we did in 1973. There have been a Vietnam debacle, a Portugal, and renewed hostilities in the Middle East since then, and obviously internal pressure for U.S. force reductions has diminished. Most of our allies were reluctant partners in MBFR anyhow. But if our government still does want mutual force reductions in Europe, it blew its best opportunity to get them.

And yet, all things considered, I don't think CSCE was as disastrous an affair as has been made out. True, it was not an earth-shaking event, but in American terms it was never meant to be one. I frankly think that the chance to meet with European leaders was sufficient grounds for President Ford to sign the document. And besides, how would we have looked as the one holdout in 35 to oppose a document that encourages security and cooperation, that calls for limits on the use of force while permitting peaceful change, and that commits the Soviets—no matter how imperfectly—to a crack in the Iron Curtain? □

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Christmas Book Recommendations

(Since that forlorn day when the last five-cent cigar receded into the haze, the best Christmas gift for your money has been a good book. Not necessarily a new book, but a timeless one, a book that will call forth the spirits of understanding, that will challenge the literary imagination, that at once will inform and delight.

We offer here gift suggestions from some of the writers whose books would top our own list of recommendations. In doing so, we hope to provide not only useful advice, but also some insight into the workings and frolics of nine extraordinary literary and political minds.)

Edward C. Banfield
Kenan Professor of Public Policy and Political Science, University of Pennsylvania;
Author of *The Moral Basis of a Backward Society, Politics, Planning and the Public Interest* (with Martin Meyerson), *The Unheavenly City Revisited.*

The Ancient City, by Numa Denis Fustel de Coulanges. First published in 1864 (*La Cité Antique*), now in paperback as a Doubleday Anchor Book, $2.50. Its subtitle is "A Study on the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome" but I think of it as the first and greatest piece of ethnology, i.e. systematic revelation of the nonlogical basis of social organization.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, by James Fitzjames Stephen, first published in 1873; republished (in 1967) by the Cambridge University Press together with an important preface to the second edition in which Stephen replied to critics. $15.95. Heavy guns—moral, logical, and rhetorical—boom and what is left of J.S. Mill's essay *On Liberty* is hardly worth sweeping up.

Freedom and Reform, by Frank H. Knight (reprint of 1947 edition, Kennicat, $12.50). Every time I dip into this book I wonder if I may not be guilty of near-plagiarism; if charged, I would plead extenuating circumstances: how could one read this book and *not* be deeply influenced by it?

William F. Buckley, Jr.
Editor, *National Review*;
Author of *Execution Eve, God and Man at Yale, The Unmaking of a Mayor.*

Moby Dick. I read it for the first time this summer, by accident. I pale at the thought that I might have died without having read it. Life insurance companies should double their premiums to clients who have not read it...

We Learned to Ski, by Harold Evans, Brian Jackman, and Mark Ottaway; St. Martin's Press, 1975; $12.95—read it and see...

The Everlasting Man. G.K. Chesterton. Again, don't put it off.

The Day of the Jackal, by Frederick Forsyth (Bantam, $1.95)—in case you haven't.

The Pound Era, by Hugh Kenner (Univ. of California Press, $14.95, paper $6.95). Somebody said somewhere it's the most important book of our time. I'll go along.

Milton Friedman
Paul S. Russell Distinguished Service Professor of Economics, University of Chicago;
Author of *Capitalism and Freedom, Essays in Positive Economics.*

The Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith. The Cannon edition is best but the most readily available are the Modern Library Giant edition ($4.95) and the Penguin edition ($2.95). Still one of the most readable and entertaining among the influential unread books of all time. Especially appropriate for 1976—the bicentennial of its publication as well as of the Declaration of Independence, both of which reflected the same philosophy of freedom.

Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century, by A.V. Dicey, 2d edition (1914), Macmillan, no longer in print; you will have to look for it in second-hand bookstores. The introduction to the second edition is remarkably prescient in foreseeing the ultimate results of the early welfare-state measures: "The Mental Deficiency Act is the first step along a path on which no sane man can decline to enter, but which, if too far pursued, will bring statesmen across difficulties hard to meet without considerable interference with individual liberty." The text is an insightful discussion of why collectivism triumphed despite the great success of laissez-faire.

The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution, by Bernard Bailyn (Harvard University Press, $9.50; paperback edition $3.50). A fascinating analysis of the American pamphlet literature preceding the revolution. Restores perspective to the ideology versus interests explanations of the origins of the revolution.

Sidney Hook
Professor Emeritus of Philosophy, New York University; Senior Research Fellow, Hoover Institution;
Author of *Hero in History, The Paradoxes of Freedom, Pragmatism and the Tragic Sense of Life.*

Experience and Nature, by John Dewey. A magnificent articulation of the contemporary naturalistic outlook in philosophy.

The Life of Reason, by George Santayana. One of the wisest books on the nature, limits, and possibilities of human experience.

The Structure of Science, by Ernest Nagel (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95). An informative and critical exposition of scientific method by one of the keenest minds of our time.

The Gulag Archipelago, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn (Harper and Row, $12.50, paper $1.95). An inspiring expression of the human spirit. Whoever is not immunized against all varieties of totalitarianism by reading and reflecting on this book is beyond the reach of rational and compassionate human beings.

Democracy and Education, by John Dewey (Free Press, paperback, $2.75). The most powerful and persuasive case for the democratic way of life. The vision that should guide the reform and reconstruction of America.

Charles S. Hyneman
Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Political Science, Indiana University;
Author of *Popular Government in America* (with Charles E. Gilbert), *The Supreme Court on Trial.*

Five that will help Grandpa and the literate cousins celebrate the founding of The Republic are worthy of honorable mention in any selection of best books:

The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787, by Gordon S. Wood (University of North Carolina Press, 1970; $15. Paperback by Norton, $3.45). Don't expect ever to see a better book on the creation of the Republic than Gordon Wood's. Here, admirably related, is just about everything one could wish to know about what the Founding Fathers said, what they did, and what persuaded them.

The First Liberty: A History of the Right to Vote in America, 1619-1850, by Marchette Chute (Dutton, 1969; $8.95). Having been charmed by Marchette Chute's tour of London in Shakespeare's day I decided to humor her fancy that she knew something out of the usual about how government by the people came to North America. She started her story with the first settlements, missed nothing that I already knew, and thoroughly convinced me that popular control of government was far more deeply rooted in colonial America than I had suspected.

The Age of the Democratic Revolution, Volume I: The Challenge, by R.R. Palmer (Princeton University Press, 1969; $15 cloth, $3.45 paper). Palmer brings a vast knowledge under control in smooth readable sentences to provide an authentic account of how far Europeans had come in their thought and statescraft when the Americans lifted from the drawing boards their design for the first comprehensive

and enduring experience in popular government.

The Popular Sources of Political Authority: Documents on the Massachusetts Constitution of 1780, edited by Oscar and Mary Handlin (Harvard University Press, 1966; $22.50). The Handlins present the judgments and the arguments that came out of Massachusetts' town meetings when they were called upon to approve or reject two drafts of a state constitution. If you have supposed that the small farmers and the fishermen didn't know what was going on when the lawyers, the planters, and the rich merchants were writing declarations and drafting constitutions the Handlins have a big, big surprise waiting for you.

The Frontiersman, by Allan W. Eckert (Little-Brown, 1967; $10). Finally, Grandpa and the cousins ought to know what was going on across the mountains, among the tall trees and in the clearings, when constitution-making was the big thing on the East Coast. Plenty was going on and Eckert reports enough of it in his *Frontiersman* to scare Grandpa half to death.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan
United States Ambassador to the United Nations;
Author of *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income, Beyond the Melting Pot* (with Nathan Glazer).

I suggest the Bible—which, if you cannot get it through regular commercial outlets, is readily available in most hotels.

Robert Nisbet
Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities, Columbia University;
Author of *The Quest for Community, Social Change and History, The Twilight of Authority.*

On Liberty and Liberalism: The Case of John Stuart Mill, by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Alfred A. Knopf, $8.95). A fascinating, even exciting, insight into Mill, and a wonderfully illuminating account of what went wrong with modern liberalism.

The Rise of Guardian Democracy: The Supreme Court's Role in Voting Rights Disputes, 1845-1969, by Ward Y. Elliott (Harvard University Press, $15.00). The title, a splendid one, suffices to indicate the importance of the subject; it remains only to add that rarely has the decline of representative government been set down with such eloquence and documentation.

Liberal Parents, Radical Children, by Midge Decter (Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, $7.95). By far the best book I have read on the distinctive kind of conflict between the generations we began to know commencing in the 1950s. The book is brilliant in its insights and warm and compassionate in tone.

The Great Train Robbery, by Michael Crichton (Alfred A. Knopf, $7.95). The best suspense-crime novel I've read in years. The Victorian lore supplied may be *all* bogus for all I care; it's still believable and absorbing.

Democracy in America, by Alexis de Tocqueville. Any reason offered here would be irrelevant, immaterial, and incompetent. Just read it again.

Ernest van den Haag
Professor of Social Philosophy at New York University; Lecturer in Psychology and Sociology, New School for Social Research;
Author of *The Jewish Mystique, Punishing Criminals.*

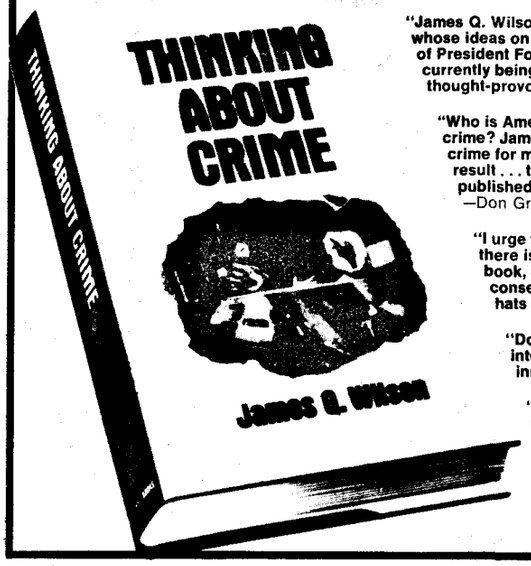
Confessions of Zeno, by Italo Svevo (Vintage, paper, $1.95). A novel of still underestimated literary and psychological value.

Dr. Faustus, by Thomas Mann. Mann's whole work is concerned with the tension of Western civilization. This is its culmination.

Liberal Parents, Radical Children, by Midge Decter (Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, $7.95). I know of no better

"I recommend this book to the President, Attorney General, Congress, police, judges, correctional administrators and the general public for a succinct review of what our major crime problems are and what the potential solutions may be."

—Marvin E. Wolfgang, *The N. Y. Times Book Review*



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"I urge you to read *Thinking About Crime*. If there is a single lesson to be learned from this book, it is that for the past 15 years, liberals and conservatives have been talking through their hats about how to solve the crime problem."
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UNDERSTANDING HUMAN BEHAVIOR FOR EFFECTIVE POLICE WORK
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diagnosis of our present major problem.

Execution Eve, by William F. Buckley, Jr. (Putnam, $9.95). An exhilarating experience.

Anarchy, State, and Utopia, by Robert Nozick (Basic Books, $12.95). Perhaps too clever by half, but fun also for many other reasons, and illuminating.

James Q. Wilson
Henry Lee Shattuck Professor of Government, Harvard University; Author of *City Politics* (with Edward C. Banfield), *Political Organizations, Thinking about Crime.*

My five book reading suggestions would be as follows:

First, read the *Federalist Papers* twice; second, read de Tocqueville on *Democracy in America* three times. That totals five books.

If you have already read the *Federalist Papers* and de Tocqueville once, you may reduce your re-readings of them and add one or two new titles to the list. My first choice for the additional book would be Joseph Schumpeter, *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* (Harper Torchbook, $3.95)—next to de Tocqueville, the most prophetic book about the evolution of modern society, and especially the role of intellectuals in it. If you have already read that, then my final suggestion is to read Dostoevski, *The Possessed*, the best literary account written of what life might be like for people who do not understand what the *Federalist Papers*, de Tocqueville, and Schumpeter are trying to tell us. □

The Business of America

by Henry G. Manne

CSR: Wrong Pew, Wrong Church, and Wrong Doctrine

Anyone familiar with the history of American business enterprise is aware that the concept popularly known today as "corporate social responsibility" is not new. It had previous incarnations in the Jacksonian and populist eras, among the progressives and the New Dealers, and it even had a specialized, arts-and-culture flurry shortly after World War II, before the subsequent shift to primary concerns with race, environment, and safety.

Perhaps the oddest thing about all these movements has been their total lack of any coherent intellectual justification, whether economic or moral. For one thing—and this is sufficient to make the point—no CSR proponent or activist has ever analyzed the ultimate incidence of the costs and benefits of corporate altruism to see who was gaining and who was losing by it. For this, and a disturbingly long list of other reasons, the phrase "corporate social responsibility" has come to be recognized by many observers today as a mere euphemism for disparaging the American system of corporate capitalism.

This too seems odd, because the CSR ideas, was originally invented and has been most widely proclaimed within the business community by some of the leading practitioners of the public relations arts. And the public relations style of most CSR arguments is apparent. Notable among the special characteristics of the the public relations approach to CSR is the large number of platitudes used to discuss the topic, even by some of the most respected figures in the public relations field. Consider, for instance, these profundities published in recent months in influential discussions of the topic: "Public opinion is the final human power in the free world"; "People are not listening, and they won't listen until we get on their wave length"; and, that favorite of the late 1940s but still alive today, "The times call for business statesmanship...."

Another characteristic of the public relations approach to accusations of corporate irresponsibility is the misguided, but often widely publicized confession of guilt—or, I should say, confession of the *corporation's* guilt, which is, after all, a little easier to live with than one's own. This leads in turn to advocacy of one of the most glaringly unsuccessful business strategies of all times, the notion that the corporation should follow the advice of its "concerned" critics. By correcting its errors now, the argument goes, the corporation can stave off more onerous and burdensome government regulation later on. This bromide is still being proposed by public affairs leaders, through rarely has any business theory been repeated so frequently without a shred of evidence to support it. As we shall see, this strategy could only be expected to make matters worse.

Another hallmark of a public relations approach to attacks on the free-enterprise system has been the window-dressing response, e.g., the frenzied search for blacks, women, and perhaps an occasional Chicano, to sit on corporate boards. These appointments occurring in the last few years tell us much more about the public relations style of thinking than they do about what will best generate social fairness for all individuals, or what criteria should be and have been used in selecting corporate directors. Much more disturbing, however, is that this particular strategy strengthens the anti-market belief that large corporations are fundamentally political entities that should be "democratized" by having "representative" boards. That is, there is no longer a difference between what is private and what is public, so far as corporations are concerned.

Still, the fact that the standard response by the American business community to CSR attacks has been largely determined from a public relations view of the matter is not difficult to understand. The chief executives of most large American corporations were not prepared for, nor personally able to cope with, the ferocious attacks made upon them and their companies, and upon their own view of their responsibilities. As the economic and political ruffians mounted a surprisingly successful campaign (aided greatly by uninformed media reporting and a strongly biased intellectual community), top executives turned most frequently to the only corporate aides who seemed capable of proffering any kind of strategic solution, their public affairs specialists. The counsel they received was consistent with both the intellectual background and the traditional techniques employed by these functionaries.

Ironically, the typical public relations response to the CSR attack was guaranteed to cause business to lose the fight to which it was an unwitting party. What might have constituted more effective responses to the CSR attacks were seriously beset with the economic problem of the "free rider." That is, each company tended to underinvest in truly effective, costly responses, hoping to get a free ride on the expenditures made by other companies. A system of voluntary payments for national defense is most commonly

cited to illustrate the free-rider problem, and, come to think of it, it does not provide a bad analogy to the CSR case.

For additional reasons, too, industry-wide collective action had little personal appeal to those in charge of formulating each company's policies. Few promotions are given for ideas that do not provide some apparent competitive advantage. And even if that were not a significant inhibitor, the presence of the Antitrust Division could always be felt lurking in the background when collective action was considered.

The result was that every response was protective of a single company and was thus likely to aggravate the overall situation and generate high costs for everyone else in the industry. Even if one company tried to ignore a highly publicized issue for long, the "socially responsible" responses of other companies almost inevitably became mandated by law for everyone. Again this process is not difficult to understand. "Responsible government officials" could not allow competitive forces to provide the socially "irresponsible" firms with the competitive cost advantage that resulted from their failure to meet social responsibilities recognized by other firms in their industry. Thus there naturally developed a strong "political" argument against voluntarism in corporate altruism. And, it might be noted, no company which was the first to bear these costs was likely to discourage this "equalizing" government intervention.

The strategy of listening to business critics in order to foreclose even stricter federal legislation on the subject is rather like a bicyclist pedaling ever faster to avoid a dog that believes it is succeeding in frightening the intruder away. But, as most cyclists know, a sudden stop will usually send the bumptious canine running off to watch from a distance. The bloated arrogance of many CSR activists could have been almost as easily deflated. It has been overwhelmingly clear for years now to anyone watching that every effort to quiet the critics by concessions has only encouraged them on to greater efforts. Yet a former senior vice-president of a large New York bank (now, almost predictably, a professor) wrote as recently as this year, in the March-April issue of the *Harvard Business Review*, that, "To avoid enforced regulations, business will have to start making more voluntary changes before issues become inflammatory." How in good conscience anyone, much less an experienced businessman, could publicly offer such counsel in April 1975 is a mystery.

Perhaps it is late in the game to be making some of these observations, though they will undoubtedly create a shock of recognition in the minds of some businessmen for the first time. And it is also not too difficult to surmise how much of this situation came to be. Public relations officials undoubtedly discovered that their own professional interests were least jeopardized by proclaiming the doctrine of corporate social responsibility and, for that matter, accepting the critics' standards of what constituted correct behavior. (Why not? No one else was offering a substitute.) This in turn, for reasons we have already seen, generates government interest in the field, and then the corporate official who might previously have languished far down the hall with the title of "Director of Public Relations" on his door often found himself "Vice-President for Public Affairs," hobnobbing with the power brokers of Washington, and acting like the important citizen we all secretly wish to be.

This scenario is not without its economic ironies as well. In some companies it must have been noticed that under the pressure of high-cost corporate responsibility plans, pesky, smaller competitors often could not survive. Especially when large, fixed, capital investments had to be made to conform to ethical or legal mandates, high-volume producers would always experience a gain over smaller volume competitors in terms of their respective Average Unit Cost figures. Thus, greater industrial concentration, which has often served as the basis for the CSR arguments of Ralph Nader and other business-baiters, may be instead a necessary consequence of their prescription.

While it may be true that none of this could have happened without widespread public ignorance, it seems useless to harangue about that in terms of CSR. It is businessmen's ignorance of economic realities that may be far more significant, for their ignorance of the economics of market forces means that some of the most important and potentially influential people in the country count simply as intellectual ciphers in the world of ideas where political action is bred.

Few high-placed businessmen, for instance, seem to understand the basic and fundamental conflict that exists between privately managed, privately owned corporations and political power. There is no middle ground between these two worlds; there is no basis for compromise; and there can be no meaningful partnership. It is a two-party, zero-sum game, and the only real issue is who will manage the corporation's assets.

Another notion that too few businessmen seem to have grasped is the logical impossibility of a concept of corporate social responsibility. When it comes to social responsibilities, we can only talk about real costs and who pays them. These economic costs can only be borne by individuals, not by corporations. Thus the incidence of CSR expenditures must ultimately fall upon shareholders, laborers, consumers, managers, or other suppliers of goods and services. That list is exhaustive; there is no one else. And yet, many corporate officials, sounding themselves oddly like Ralph Nader, cherish the myth of a collective, substantive existence for corporations, as though the companies themselves could bear costs without passing them along to real live human beings.

We can no longer blink at the fact that few American corporate executives, and few of their public relations specialists, have been prepared to respond intelligently to the avalanche of insulting, ignorant accusations leveled at corporations in recent years. With only the rarest exceptions can any of these executives explain to their critics, to the public, or to a college classroom most of the economic concepts vital to a well-reasoned defense of a free-market, corporate system.

Every chief executive of a large company might test his public relations specialists' ability to respond convincingly to the major charges or myths prevalent today about free-market economic systems and the government's role in regulating business. The executives themselves should, of course, be aware that there exist strong, respectable, and convincing free-market positions on each of these issues even if he cannot articulate them himself. Some of these positions are controverted to be sure, but the pro-free-market answers are powerful and persuasive. And they can be communicated convincingly if they are understood.

It should be emphasized that the real test is not of the various public affairs officers' knowledge of economics, but of their ability to impart persuasive answers in public to the critics' charges. The answers should not be credited for their "balance" nor for their clear statement of any prevailing anti-corporate views on these issues. After all, it is not the job of corporate officials to publicize anti-business arguments just because they are easier to locate than their opposites. The public relations official's job should always be to find and publicize answers that help the company and the free-market system—and nothing else.

Public relations officials who cannot explain the correct free-market-oriented answers to at least fifty percent of these issues to relevant audiences are probably doing more harm than good to their corporations and to the free-enterprise system. And that presents a real issue of conscience—not a phony issue of a corporation's conscience, but a real one of how intellectually honest an individual should be with himself and his fellow citizens.

Here then is one suggested set of examination topics:

1.) Explain the concept of mutual benefit from voluntary exchange and relate it to the theory of economic growth ("profit" is not a four-letter word).

2.) Explain the relationship between monopoly, inflations, and wage and price controls.

3.) Explain why most problems of pollution, overutilization of resources, and congestion represent failures of governmental policy, and not so-called "market failures."

4.) Explain why most welfare programs and all consumer safety requirements have perverse wealth effects on the least affluent members of society.

5.) Explain the relationship between competition and advertising, and be-

tween advertising and free speech.

6.) Show that specialized pricing schemes, like tie-ins, price discrimination, or price leadership may be strong evidence of competitive, not monopolistic markets.

7.) Explain the relationship between production costs and short-run prices (a little hint: there is none).

8.) Deal with the following popular economic misconceptions: administered pricing; size as a barrier to market entry; a positive correlation between high concentration ratios and monopoly profits.

9.) Produce a cost-benefit analysis, with the significant data, of the effects of consumer and environmental regulations on your own industry and its customers.

10.) Note and explain the differences in behavior between top executives in private corporations, rate-regulated companies, non-profit organizations, and government agencies.

To vary the test occasionally, some other nice issues can be discussed, such as the charge of maldistribution of wealth in American society; the relationship between profits, investment, and productivity; the inherent economic problems of governmental allocation of resources; the many and varied studies showing the undesirable effects of specific kinds of government regulation; the double taxation of the corporate income stream; the argument that big business runs the country and buys off politicians while the little men and women (like schoolteachers and union members perhaps?) are underrepresented in Washington; the necessity and desirability of detailed industry regulation to control predatory monopolies—to mention a few more areas of popular misunderstanding of how the private enterprise system functions.

No amount of actor training of executives by the J. Walter Thompson Company can ever cure the problem that comes from not knowing the correct answer to the fallacious or venal statements being offered to the masses every day about the free-enterprise system. Officials, particularly those responsible for corporate public relations, who cannot convincingly articulate arguments on these issues need a rigorous course in what the American free-enterprise system is really about.

For this purpose, they should seek out convinced, vigorous exponents of freedom in the marketplace and not half-hearted apologists seeking social or academic acceptability or the detached technicians who have not addressed themselves carefully to these issues at all. There are good economists and excellent textbooks available for accomplishing this purpose, and many public relations officials would come out of such a course pleased with their new knowledge of what the capitalist system is all about.

But it is important too that the top executives themselves master this learning, since otherwise they will not know how to encourage or evaluate their public affairs officers. And if chief executives begin to appreciate more fully the remarkable powers of human freedom as expressed in the marketplace, other officials in the corporate pantheon would more quickly begin explaining to the public what the real function of corporate enterprise is. □

Book Review/Lou Cannon

The Great American Flack

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to shipwreck."

—Vic Gold in letter resigning from the Shirley Temple Black account

Henry Cabot Lodge was speaking at a Republican rally on Chicago's South Side in 1960 when a hitherto composed elephant mascot standing alongside the platform answered a series of wild nature calls. The host committee and the first five rows of spectators scattered. Lodge cut his speech short and beat it to the airport.

We are indebted to Vic Gold, press secretary extraordinary and Scourge of Bus Drivers, for the aftermath of this long-unremembered speech. The elephant incident, Gold tells us, was catalogued by H.R. Haldeman and placed in the Advanceman's Manual, which codified the experience of the various Richard Nixon campaigns. "Under *E*, for *Elephants*, the advanceman on his first assignment was cautioned that at all Nixon rallies featuring a live Republican mascot, the animal should be given a thorough enema and left unfed for a specified period prior to the candidate's appearance."

In a certain sense Gold himself has been dodging elephant accidents all of his adult life, and most of the elephants were white ones. He was the flack for the Bourbon Institute while a devout scotch drinker, the flack for former Alabama Attorney General Richmond Flowers, who won an election and went to jail for extortion, and the flack for Spiro Agnew, who pleaded no contest and avoided a prison sentence. Through it all Gold has combined a certain insouciance with a manic frenzy that makes people gnash their teeth when Gold is present and miss him after he is gone. In a Washington peopled with Haldemans and with Ronald L. Ziegler, who once told me with a straight face that "1972 was a good year except for Watergate," Gold was a wild, refreshing, honest, angry flack. James Wooten of the *New York Times* wrote during the 1972 campaign that Gold was always on the verge of mental health. Gold considered the remark both accurate and funny. He saved his rage for bus drivers and for those he thought were savaging his boss.

I Don't Need You When I'm Right: The Confessions of a Washington PR Man

by Vic Gold
William Morrow & Co. $6.95

Everyone has his own favorite story about Vic Gold, most of them about incidents on campaign buses. David S. Broder of the *Washington Post* recalls a misdirected bus pulling up at the centerfield fence of a baseball stadium and Gold pounding on the fence yelling, "Open up in the name of the national press." In his fine book *Running*, *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist Bob Greene tells of the occasion in the 1972 campaign when a bus swerved in front of the Agnew press bus, which was parked at a curb outside a hotel waiting for the Vice President's limousine to leave. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" Gold screamed at the bus driver. "How the hell did the goddam staff bus get ahead of us in the motorcade? We are *always* the first bus! Dammit, get in front of him!" Gold calmed down only when he was told that Agnew was still in the hotel and that the offending vehicle was a city transit bus taking people home from work.

I never knew Gold to be quite this polite to bus drivers. Most of the time he screamed at them, in language not suitable for this or any other magazine, to stay right behind the limousine at all costs to their health, safety, and/or manhood. It was something he had learned in the Goldwater campaign, where buses were always becoming parted from the candidate. "There are people in front of us," I remember one bus driver protesting. "Run over the people," yelled Gold at the top of his voice. "Your job is to keep up with the motorcade." No one was ever run over, of course. In an administration where Chuck Colson had glorified the assault on grandmothers, Gold was invariably kind, thoughtful, and apologetic—when he wasn't screaming at someone.

My first conversation with Gold, thank-

fully on the telephone, ended when he became enraged at a question of mine about why I couldn't see Agnew—and slammed down the phone. On the second conversation, which made even less progress, I slammed down the phone. The third conversation was over lunch and Gold explained that he liked the *Washington Post* just fine but that Agnew was still sore about the "fat Jap" incident four years before. (In his book Gold explains that Agnew was even sorer about a *Post* editorial of the same vintage which compared Nixon's selection of Agnew as his running mate with Caligula's choice of his horse as Roman proconsul.) At this same lunch Gold also gave me his views, hilariously described in *I Don't Need You*, about the *Newsweek* article which had described Agnew's purported interest in two copulating rhinos during a trip to Africa. I never met a flack who more fiercely defended his employer than Gold, even when no defense was necessary. But Gold also returned all of his phone calls, never lied that I am aware of, never tried to tell me how to write a story, and continually worried about his responsibilities to the traveling press. When the Agnew plane in 1972 left behind a reporter who had slept late or died of boredom, Gold considered the oversight his own fault. Agnew and most of his staff would have just as soon left us all behind.

Gold, now a columnist, was a member of that vanishing breed of PR men who are proud of their individual achievements without exalting the purpose of their trade. Thus, he takes pride in how he derailed Flowers' racist opponent; but can admit that his PR work for Flowers was "demagoguery." Walter Lippman considered PR men powerful molders of public opinion, but Gold reduces them to two types, "lapel strokers and writing hacks," and puts himself in the latter category. He tells how he once wrote 450 pages in three days for the late Everett Dirksen, who needed them for a filibuster. Dirksen didn't even know that Gold was doing the writing. Gold was a "Ghost-with-Cover" who wrote for an industrial association which funneled the speeches to the Senator.

Gold's insights, however, are no hack's. He has bright observations about the public relations business and even brighter one-liners about politicians he has known. Barry Goldwater "wasn't so much a candidate as a *Candide* in his dealings with the smart-ass national press." Gerald Ford is "the foremost representative of [the] modern Nasal Banal School of Political Oratory." Sen. Vance Hartke "will go for anything short of greased-pig wrestling if it means a wire service photo in the home-state newspapers." John Marchi, the Republican-Conservative candidate for mayor of New York in 1969, "photographs like Pius XI reading the riot act on contraception."

I Don't Need You When I'm Right conveys much of the daily humor of politics, which is, Nixon and McGovern notwithstanding, a very funny business. I like his anecdote about Sen. Joseph Montoya, the spearcarrier of the Senate Watergate Committee, getting confused at the National Legislative Conference and reading the press release of the speech he was supposed to give. "For Immediate Release," Montoya barked, snapping a half-stunned, half-stoned audience to attention. "Senator Joseph Montoya, Democrat of New Mexico, last night told the National Legislative Conference at Albuquerque that..." Even funnier is Gold's account of the Haldeman-inspired scripts designed to keep Agnew in his respectful orbit around Nixon. At the 1972 convention a Haldeman-approved memo came up with this instruction: "When the Vice President stands alongside the President on the speaker's rostrum at the convention, make sure he doesn't raise his arms above his head. The President will wave to the convention delegates with arms extended only shoulder high." Unfortunately, Nixon came along to blow it by holding Agnew's hands over his head.

There are also some serious points in this terribly funny book. Gold slips them in like a sharp knife between the ribs while readers are still laughing at his one-

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liners. As a "citizen PR man" Gold wonders why people in public life who say they want to improve the image of their profession go around depicting politics as something they should rise above: "Any time an incumbent—President, governor, or mayor—adopts a PR posture of being 'above politics,' it's a fundamental affront to the democratic process and he shouldn't be allowed to get away with it."

I Don't Need You When I'm Right may be the best political book since *The Last Hurrah*, and for many of the same reasons. Gold is no more inclined to glorify his undertakings than was Frank Skeffington, but he isn't apologizing, either, and he has a truer sense about himself than the people who went to Washington with Nixon and Agnew. "Loyalty" was the by-word in the Nixon Administration, but it was a slogan more than a reality. Truly loyal people don't go around yammering about their loyalty. I never once heard Vic Gold tell me or anyone else that he was "loyal" to Spiro Agnew. But when Agnew was accused, Gold was certain that it was a plot against the Vice President, perhaps abetted by the White House. He was out of public relations then, trying to keep his distance from Agnew while establishing himself as a columnist, but Gold defended the man he believed in. In the White House at the same time men were spouting words of loyalty to Richard Nixon and rushing to save themselves. Gold and the Nixon men were equally misplaced in their beliefs, but Gold never whined about Agnew's "other achievements" when the truth became known. Nor did I ever hear him make the shoddy Watergate defense that everyone else also broke the law.

In retrospect Gold offers some valuable observations on the limits of PR and PR men. He believes that flacks have been reacting to events while others have been moving them. "In my fifteen years as a PR pro," he writes, "American society witnessed: (1) a black revolution (2) a consumer revolution (3) a youth revolution and (4) a revolution in attitudes toward women and sex. Separately and together these revolutions triggered a massive movement away from traditions and customs that had existed for centuries. And what were Vic Gold and his expert fellow manipulators doing while all this was going on? Dreaming up shticks for the grand opening of Howard Johnson Motor Lodges. Trying to push political candidates on the open market 'like so much Alka Seltzer.' What manipulative wonders we've witnessed in our time, you see, have been the product not of our PR pros but of men and women, young and old, working from the grassroots level rather than the rarefied atmosphere of the board room. Propagandists for causes in which they believed.

"The kind of propagandists, that is, who didn't need a two-day $9,600 course given by J. Walter Thompson counseling them on 'how to deal with the news media... how to dress and act on camera...how to cope with aggressive interviewers.'

"J. Walter Thompson, remember? If you don't, let me refresh your memory They're the same wonderful experts who gave us Ron Ziegler and H.R. Haldeman." □

Book Review/Thomas H. Etzold

The Dustbin of History Books

Editing the papers of the great and near-great men of the latter 1930s and the war years seems to have become a way of life, if not of scholarship, in American academic circles. Some years ago there appeared the Morgenthau diaries, and in recent years this paper tide has borne up innumerable volumes of Presidential papers, three volumes of papers on FDR's foreign relations to 1937, Patton papers, Eisenhower papers, and Clay papers (Lucius D., not Henry) to mention only a few of the more prominent collections. Now an editorial trio has brought out the Roosevelt-Churchill correspondence, notwithstanding the oft-remarked austerity of the publishing business these days and the even more stringent limitations on most library budgets.

Roosevelt and Churchill: Their Secret Wartime Correspondence

edited by Francis L. Loewenheim, Harold D. Langley, and Manfred Jonas
Saturday Review Press $17.50

Despite the plenitude of documentary sources and paucity of publishing and purchasing resources, Loewenheim and his collaborators have published 548 out of the more than 1700 messages and letters which passed between Churchill and FDR from September 11, 1939 to April 11, 1945. The editors begin with three chapters on the various aspects of the Churchill-Roosevelt relationship—personal, military, and political-diplomatic—and then present the documents in four sections, each section headed by a brief summary of the highlights of the war and documents for the interval spanned by the section. At last the editors close with a 26-page chronology of the war "keyed to the documents," that is, to this collection of correspondence.

With only modest imagination, but much energy, the editors have treated this famed correspondence traditionally as far as historical editing is concerned. They have printed documents for the most part entire, complete with headings, identifying numbers, classifications, and the like. Then they have annotated the documents, identifying individuals mentioned, explaining obscure or partial references, cross-referencing among documents printed and unprinted, and referring to secondary literature. Their work in these areas is for the most part unobjectionable, and certainly the editors demonstrate wide acquaintance with the era and literature. Their bibliographical citations do have one unintentional and ironic result. For the enormous number of references, and the relatively recent publication dates of much of the literature, emphasize how much already has been written on the subjects of these messages, a fact which suggests that the novelties of the correspondence may be fewer than one might at first have supposed.

Whatever the importance of the FDR-Churchill correspondence and the quality of this edition, it is interesting, perhaps dismaying, to note that the present edition is not the only one which readers, researchers, libraries, and yes, reviewers may expect. The entire collection of messages and letters became available for scholarly use in 1972, and almost immediately the historian Warren Kimball had the happy idea of publishing a complete annotated edition. The Princeton University Press likewise considered it a felicitous thought and contracted with Professor Kimball for three volumes worth, or length, of FDR-Churchill correspondence with scholarly panoply and paraphernalia. It now appears that Loewenheim, Langley, Jonas, and the Saturday Review Press also thought well of Professor Kimball's inspiration, so well in fact that they hastened to plan a shorter version of the publication, divide the work into three parts to speed completion, and put out a commercial edition with heavy national advertising and big-name writers' blurbs on the dust jacket (James McGregor Burns praises the editors' "judicial" selection of documents. Doubtless he meant to say "judicious.") What, one wonders, will the Princeton University Press and Professor Kimball do now? They can, of course, abandon the project now that the present edition has skimmed the top from the potential market. Or they can con

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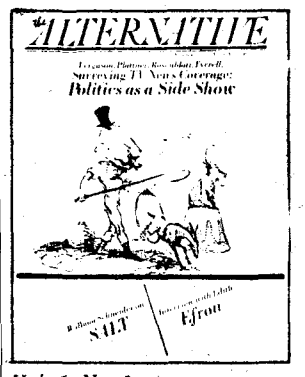

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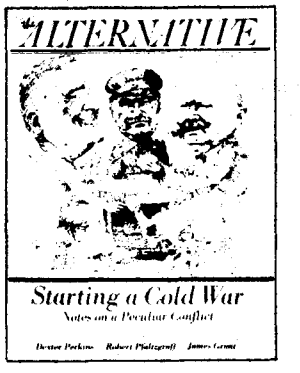

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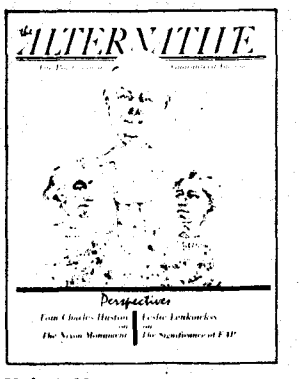

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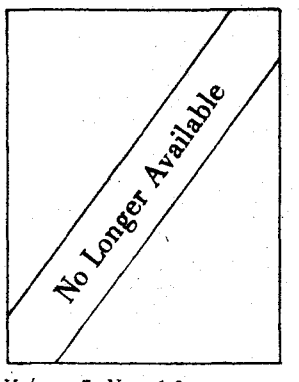

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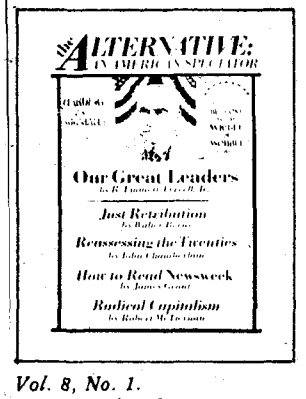

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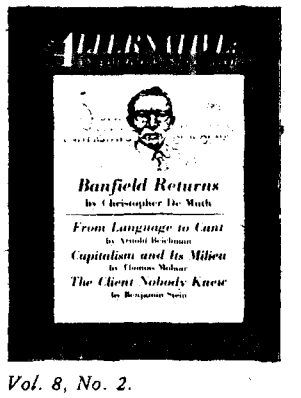

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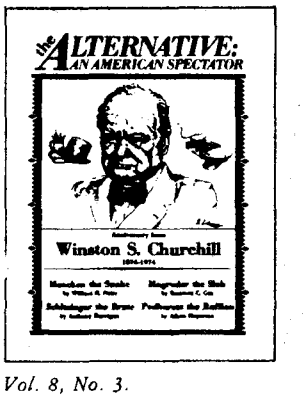

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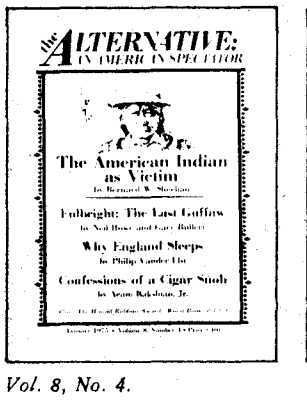

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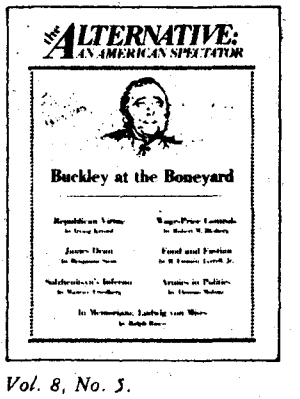

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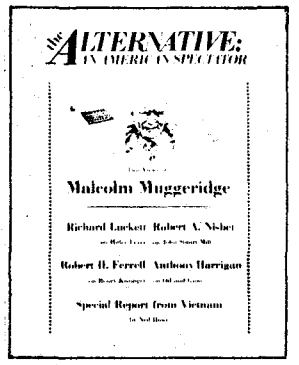

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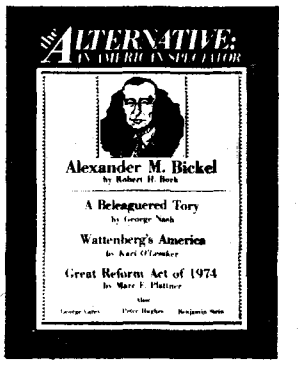

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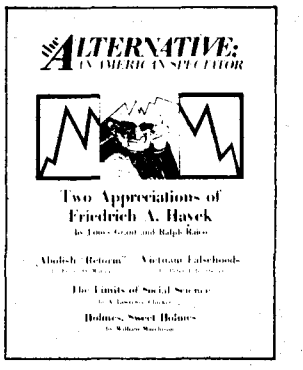

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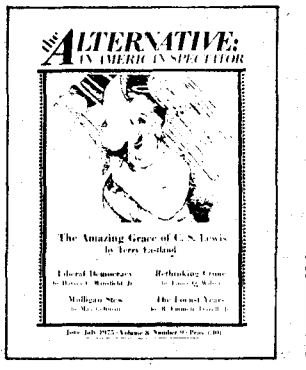

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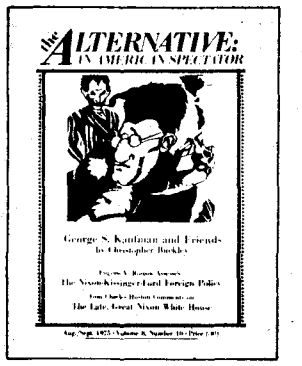

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tinue, hoping that eventually enough people and institutions will prefer a complete edition so that the Princeton Press will not lose a bundle on what is bound to be an extremely expensive and large three-volume set.

It seems safe to say that the principal distinction of the Loewenheim, Langley, and Jonas edition of this correspondence, once it is no longer the only edition, will be that it was the first one. As it is, the volume is not really a substitute for anything. It is not a substitute for a more complete edition, and that is the hope on which Professor Kimball and the Princeton press must proceed. It is not a substitute for biographies of the two great authors of the correspondence. It is not a substitute for a history of the Second World War, nor even for an analysis of command and leadership at the top during the war. For all of the subjects mentioned above readers must turn to other books, and readers must still do the most difficult work of relating the material in the FDR-Churchill correspondence to literature and information already known. One might conclude that since the present volume is not a substitute for anything, it is *sui generis* and thus deserves to appear. Or one might think, as does this reviewer, that the time of editors and the money of publisher and purchasers should have been more wisely employed. □

David Brudnoy

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **A Boy and His Dog:** Not the latest Disney kiddie flick, this is a hugely muddled but fitfully intriguing sci-fi tale set fifty years in the future. Following World Wars III and IV, personkind is reduced to two states: constant primitive warfare aboveground, and a type of maniacal Middle America gone bonkers in vast subterranean fantasylands. Don Johnson is the boy, some talking mutt is his dog, and Jason Robards is chairperson of the Committee ruling the madhouse below. The premise is appealing, as are the leads; the inevitable bitch (female, not canine) is luscious; but the whole thing collapses of its ponderous weight resting atop a fragile reed of a story. The dog gets the best lines.

■ **Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?:** Depression era revived via film clips taken from life—mainly FDR and various luminaries of the decade—and Hollywood flickers. No aid is given the viewer as to the time sequence of the various shots, which unnecessarily removes the movie from the average filmgoer's range of historical understanding. But some of the moments are wonderful: That Man in the White House demagoging for all he was worth; W.C. Fields doing Fields; Cagney tough-guying; King Kong getting acrophobia; and on and on. A timely nostalgia trip.

■ **Dog Day Afternoon:** Al Pacino playing the desperate fellow who, in 1972, held up a bank in Brooklyn, to get money for a sex change operation for his boyfriend. The robbery flops, abysmally, but the characterizations are wonderfully delineated, from Pacino's "Sonny" to his mother, his gross female (legitimate) wife, his drugged transsexual lover, his terrified partner, the cops, the bank hostages, and virtually everyone else down to the lowest extra. It is offbeat, funny, sad, tender, wry, and wholly winning.

■ **Flossie:** Flossie's very glossy, a Swedish miss with wide-ranging sexual tastes; she has an older lady friend, ensnares Jack ("Yack"), and they all romp merrily together forever. A ludicrous but lovely stab at high-class porn.

■ **Give 'Em Hell, Harry:** James Whitmore recreating his one-man stage *tour de force* as Truman seen through a one-prism glass. Harry as President, small-time Missouri businessman, World War I doughboy, in high dudgeon and high spirits, chewing out MacArthur, cowed by Bess (The Boss), fawning over Herbert Hoover, chewing out unkind critics of his singing daughter—all the cherished parts of Trumaniana, with none of the warts. One-sided as all get out, but very finely done.

■ **Hard Times:** Charles (one-expression) Bronson as a pick-up fighter in Depression-era New Orleans, managed, poorly, by James Coburn as an engaging conman named Speed. As usual, Bronson acts with his biceps, and Coburn with his teeth, but the movie is unassuming, restrained in its violence, in no way prurient or vicious, an admirable achievement of a modest but worthy end: the portrayal of yet another slice of seedy Americana. A sleeper, this.

■ **Hearts of the West:** The finest of the new comedies, a naif's progress from Iowa bucolic to Hollywood tinsel, starring Jeff Bridges, with the splendid Alan Arkin and others working out a young man's quest for glory as cowpoke, star stud, and 1930s bigshot with the fans. A fool's errand shrewdly portrayed, with modesty, debonaire wit, and captivating ease.

■ **Hester Street:** America's Russian-Jewish immigrants, who fled tyranny and found freedom here in the late nineteenth century, deserve a splendid film treatment to equal that of Jan Troell's two-part masterpiece (*The Emigrants* and *The New Land*) concerning the Swedish newcomers to America. The Russian-Jews still await that treatment; this isn't it.

■ **Journey Into Fear:** Eric Ambler's suspense classic now quite boringly filmed with Sam Waterston, Zero Mostel, Shelly Winters, Vincent Price, Yvette Mimieux, and some of the most flaming deaths on celluloid. A worthy story unworthily filmed.

■ **Naked Came the Stranger:** A bunch of jokers set out a few years ago to prove that the sort of trash Jacqueline Susann did could be done by committee; whence came "Penelope Ash," a consortium of these fellows, from whose composite pen there emerged this perfectly hideous, perfectly witless, perfectly money-making bit of kinky porn, read by millions of (presumably) sex-starved hausfraus, and now filmed with the same attention to verisimilitude that the Russians give to treaties.

■ **Swept Away By An Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August:** Lina Wertmüller, the remarkably talented Italian Marxist director of *The Seduction of Mimi* and *Love and Anarchy*, checks in with her latest, a wonderfully parodic romance between a rich bitch and a Communist sailor. The two, she a passenger and he a crewman on a luxury yacht cruising the Mediterranean, are, plausibly, shipwrecked together, and implausibly fall madly into whatever, following upon a predictable switch of roles, she from haughty grande dame to sniveling servant, he from outraged servant to outrageous lord and master. The dialogue is shrieked at the usual Italian level, and revolves mainly around how wonderful/awful Communists/capitalists are/aren't. A very unpromising beginning sweeps eventually to a most ingratiating climax. Its force is its characterizations, and these are superb.

■ **Three Days of the Condor:** The CIA done it! Robert Redford plays a terrified but resourceful potential victim of some sort of bizarre murder plot, aided by Faye Dunaway, and hunted by Max von Sydow. In the (ho hum) post-Watergate morality period in which we are forced to live, everything is suspect, every American institution is presumed guilty unless proved clean as Caesar's wife, and the CIA is thus a comfortable whipping boy. Politically it is unlikely but not impossible—is G. Gordon Liddy possible?—and as a thriller it is only so-so, but Redford is lovely and Dunaway is very handsome. □

The Strange World of A.J.P. Taylor

In his preface A.J.P. Taylor tells us that he has been composing this book for more than thirty years. He has wasted a great deal of time, unless his purpose was to misinform the unwary nonspecialist reader.

The Second World War is written in Taylor's usual readable, if flippant, style. It is fairly well illustrated, with good photographs, fine reproductions of paintings and posters, and excellent maps. But it is marred by numerous flaws. As usual in Taylor's books, a strict delineation of the facts is never allowed to get in the way of a wisecrack or a ham-handed search for irony. There are many errors of fairly important military detail.

For example, Taylor tells his readers that at the time of the Battle of Britain the Germans did not use radar to detect aircraft and that in fighter planes the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe "were about equal" (page 69). In point of fact the Germans used aircraft-detection radars and their fighters outnumbered the British about 4:3 (Dempster and Wood, *The Battle of Britain*). Taylor alleges that the only military assistance the British gave to Russia in 1941 was to tie down "some forty German divisions" in Western Europe, "second-class divisions that were of no use to Hitler" on the Russian Front (pages 105-106). In fact the Germans kept 54 German divisions in the West, and 7 in the Balkans—and 22 of these were first-class. (The Germans used second-class divisions on the Eastern Front, too.) According to Albert Seaton's *The Russo-German War* the Germans also kept forty percent of their first-line combat aircraft in the West. Seaton, the leading Western expert on the Eastern Front, considers that the Soviet Union would have been defeated had the Germans been allowed to concentrate fully against her (*The Russo-German War*, pages 215, 588-590).

Taylor's book is liberally sprinkled with similar errors: the German force in Tunisia was "never more than four divisions strong" (page 172), "the buildup of Tito was a purely British venture" (page 178), "German morale was unaffected by strategic bombing" (page 189), "The Western Allies ignored the French Resistance" (page 203), and many others.

The reader of *The Second World War* will not receive an accurate account of how the great strategic decisions of the war were reached. In describing the Anglo-American strategic controversy of 1942, Taylor writes that "The Americans were gradually persuaded that a large-scale landing in Northern France was impossible in 1942" (page 150). They never imagined it was. The Americans aimed at launching a major invasion of France in 1943. For 1942 they at most contemplated obtaining a limited, perhaps temporary, bridgehead to divert the Germans from crushing the Soviet Union. The American military was not "persuaded" against this; the British simply refused to take part in such an operation.

Discussing the Teheran Conference, Taylor gives the reader the impression that the decision to invade France was made there and was forced through by Stalin against Churchill's wishes (page 186). Actually, Churchill and Roosevelt had already agreed between themselves to invade France in 1944 at the Washington Conference of May 1943. There were strategic disputes at Teheran, but they concerned lesser, secondary operations. Nor did Stalin's promise to enter the war against Japan come as a surprise, as Taylor claims. He had already stated this intention twice before.

The Second World War:
An Illustrated History

by A.J.P. Taylor
G.P. Putnam's Sons $17.50

According to Taylor, the Anzio invasion was plotted by Churchill as "a maneuver against the Second Front rather than against the Germans" and was responsible for delaying the invasion of Southern France from May to August 1944 (pages 190-192). I know of no evidence for the charge against Churchill, and the delay was caused by Eisenhower's desire to increase the strength of the Normandy invasion.

The Second World War is scarred by several prejudices: against Winston Churchill, against Douglas MacArthur, against strategic bombing as a method of waging war, but most of all by a relentless anti-American and pro-Soviet bias. Note, for example, Taylor's claim that "Russia's title to the Baltic States and Eastern Poland was a good deal better than that of the United States to New Mexico" (page 106). Explaining the American attitude to De Gaulle in 1944, Taylor writes that "His offense, like that of the Russians later, was simply to be independent. Churchill, being dependent on American supplies, had to take a more subservient line; De Gaulle, having no supplies at all, could go his own way" (page 193). There is little to be said for Roosevelt's unfriendly attitude toward De Gaulle, but this lecture loses its point when it is realized that De Gaulle's forces were entirely equipped by American lend-lease!

Taylor constantly twists the facts to present the Soviet Union and the European Communist parties as the unfortunate objects of Western hostility. Stalin was really a conservative statesman who restrained his French followers: it was "he rather than the Americans who preserved Western Europe for capitalist democracy" (page 205), though elsewhere Taylor implies that the British and Americans were eager to crush the Communists—a more plausible explanation of their alleged moderation. The Communists, in fact, were "De Gaulle's most assiduous supporters" (page 205), an opinion not shared by the General himself.

Taylor finds the Soviet failure to help the Polish uprising in Warsaw blameless (pages 206-207). He does not mention that the Moscow radio had urged the Poles to rise. In describing the British intervention in the Greek Civil War, Taylor writes that "Soviet oppression in Eastern Europe has been often condemned. But only the British followed the *German example* [my emphasis] and took armed action against a popular national movement while the war was actually on." Moreover, the "Greek Resistance," which Taylor implies was united against the British, was "far from being Communist" (page 213). A more distorted account can hardly be imagined.

Taylor's explanation of the war's aftermath can be imagined. Though the "cold war" was a clash of unfounded mutual suspicions, the "charge of American aggressiveness had more substance" than the "view that Soviet Russia was set on the worldwide establishment of Communism." "The establishment of Communist rule in the states bordering on Russia was a consequence of the Cold War and did not cause it" (page 234). Taylor maintains his usual level of accuracy to the end with his statement that "Truman conveniently forgot the promises of a reconstruction loan to Russia that Roosevelt had made." Even a man with a photographic memory would have been hard put to recall a promise that Roosevelt never gave.

For this work, aimed at the general public, Taylor has toned down the theory he expressed in *The Origins of the Second World War*, that Hitler's foreign policy was a rather traditional one of limited aims. Here, Hitler seeks at least to establish Germany as a "World Power" and Taylor expresses considerable moral indignation against the Nazis' crimes. At the end, Taylor asserts that "Despite all the killing and destruction that accompanies it, the Second World War was a good war." This is quite true. But such an evaluation would be more appropriate from a truthful and accurate writer, and it might sound more convincing coming from someone who regards tyranny and conquest as evils even when they are perpetrated by peoples other than the Germans and the Japanese. □

The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

I am the newly reelected head of the National Organization for Women (NOW) and I would like to do something really dramatic for my cause. I would like to do something that would show the intelligence, the competence, the moral superiority of women. I would like to show their strength. I want them to have pride. I want them to have unity. I want them to play heads-up football. What should I do?

—Up with us,
Karen DeCrow

Dear Ms. DeCrow:

In this day of rampant male chauvinism it is so nice to receive a letter from a person whose organization has done so much to bring all persons, regardless of genitalia, toward mutual understanding and respect. A day hardly passes that one does not hear a burly machismo-type politician roaring away about the great achievements of men, their intelligence, their competence, their moral strength. Wherever one looks, in special sections of the newspaper, on daytime television, one sees these men haranguing the achievements of men and threatening the very existence of Womankind. Their chauvinism destroys the most tender human couplings. You and your illustrious sisters, resolutely and with dignity and compassion for all, have never tired in affirming the need for human understanding and cooperation. You have brought us all together with your thoughtful publications, your demonstrations, and now your national women's strike. You are the lovers of humanity, the healers of malevolent spirits. You have done more for peace in our time than a whole army of saints and martyrs.

I suggest you merely ask Congress to turn over to you a small Southern state in which you may quietly till your own plots and continue your good deeds. I suggest you rename that state Hysteria.

—GWP

My Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Ven I vus in Canada jus a vew veeks ago my dinner hosts neglected to turn off my microscope and my remarks ver overheard by the press. Now—mein gott!—you shuld veel the heat in the kitchen. For vun ting der is terrible commotion over da fact det I told my host vut an owful man Nixon vus. But vhy is everybody angry mit me now? I mean Nixon is not der President now. It is not like I vus talking about someone in power is it? Und during da same dinner I mentioned det Jackie Kennedy Onassis is "sexy." Vell she is, but dis is da ting dat has me in truble. My vife is so mad she could turn me into head cheese. How can I effer luk her in da eye again?

—Sincerely,
Henry Kissinger,
Secretary of State

Dear Mr. Secretary:

I am not sure you ever could look her in the eye. From my calculations she must be at least four inches taller than you. My suggestion is that your wear elevator shoes. By the way, why do you think Jackie Kennedy is so sexy? She has not been in power for years.

—GWP

Book Review/Thomas Molnar

History and the Total Mass

In *From Enlightenment to Revolution*, Eric Voegelin describes the central conflict of Western history, beginning with the Investiture struggle between Papacy and Empire, as the conflict between spiritual and temporal powers. The temporal authority of State and Society has come to prevail during this conflict, and religious faith has disintegrated—for the liberal-democratic regimes were wrong in supposing faith could be sustained as a merely "private" affair. Yet society cannot exist without a spiritual center, and false spiritual systems, or "ideologies," have filled the vacuum left by the departure of Church authority.

The situation has therefore deteriorated, and Voegelin's other just-published book, *The Ecumenic Age*, is a good place to turn for some of the reasons why. At vast time intervals there emerges an age first of clashing imperialisms and then of flat and impersonal mass-civilizations; according to Voegelin, we have been moving into such an age since the eighteenth century. The false spiritual systems which have emerged, Voegelin says, are of mostly neo-gnostic inspiration, and they have become completely mundane, "world-immanent," whether they are idealist, enlightened, positivist, or Marxist. The secular salvation systems are far more totalist than the Christian religion since they acknowledge no duality in man. From Machiavelli to the *philosophes* and the utilitarians, to Godwin, Comte, and Bakunin, the ambition has been, precisely, to abolish duality and reduce man to membership in what Turgot called the *masse totale*, which absorbs all his energies and aspirations. The result is utopia which, as I argued in a book some years ago, is an arbitrary cutoff point of history, consequently rigid, with rules set by the more equal among equals, once and for all.

From Enlightenment to Revolution

by Eric Voegelin
Duke University Press $12.75

The Ecumenic Age

by Eric Voegelin
Louisiana State University Press
$15.00

Voegelin brilliantly conceptualizes the age of ecumenic ideologies through the detailed study of their chief articulators. Not only the leftist ideologues but also conservatives can learn from his analyses, since conservatives also believe that

history has a cutoff point: in their case it is the liberal-democratic society to which nothing more can be expected than "additions" and "elaborations." Indeed, it is one of Voegelin's great merits that he shows how the accumulation of subtle shifts within a civilization bring about major changes of orientation. Voegelin does not pursue these reflections into the future; this is unfortunate, because such discussion is generally left today to the mostly foolish elucubrations of "futurologists," whose future resembles the present as one egg resembles another.

What can we say about the future? One of Voegelin's most important statements is that in the present ideological climate history has no meaning for man, it has meaning only for the total mass. Yet man cannot live without meaning, so the great question is whether the next civilizational phase will result in a more congealed condition of mass-totalism, with the overwhelming consequence that men will be further stripped of any loyalties to traditional institutions. Voegelin's view cautions us against taking this prospect, or any other prospect, as inevitable, but present circumstances do seem to propel us toward more of the same. Democracy and industrialism continue to drive the planet toward an "ecumenic age," which will have long since shed itself of the validation of individual vision.

Keeping both of Voegelin's recent books in focus, we may be helped by his description of the ecumenic age (from Alexander to St. Paul) to understand our own. The first age ended in failure, rescued only by the Apostle when he transposed the mundane expectations onto the plane of eschatology. (Here Voegelin abstains from religious speculation and makes of Christianity a mere historical force, with Paul rather than Christ at its center. The result is a philosophical profession of faith, with vast consequences for our dialogue with the author.) We cannot make such predictions about our *ecumene* as Paul made about his. But we can gain conceptually from Voegelin's insight. He understands that the two key notions of our age, "total mass" and "spiritual power," have no transcendent source and are basically organizational principles. These secular ideologies are really the result of what Voegelin calls "pneuma-pathology," a disease which reads the ideologue's personal vision into the whole of human experience. Hence, such ideologues must deny any existential validity or meaning to the times preceding their own; again, they must also stop history with the imminent accomplishment of their own design. What remains is a formless and endless *now* into which all history is compressed. Hence it is agitated by an indefinite series of revolutions through which the ideologue, afflicted by pneuma-pathology, monomaniacally insists on impregnating the masses with his spirit.

The crucial question to which such speculations lead is always: is there a way out *within* history? Voegelin joins the most sharp-sighted historians, who answer with Polybius: the very mechanisms which supply nations or civilizations with elements of their greatness, work also to their downfall. On the surface, this underlying movement manifests itself as a "state of crisis," so that, as Voegelin writes in *From Enlightenment to Revolution*, "remedial forces, while perhaps present, are socially ineffective": "the spiritual and moral strength for the task is lacking in the ruling group."

This raises the further question: is a new "revelation" and its corresponding human experience necessary for our ecumenic age—or is the Christian revelation durable enough to rescue us from failure? Prudently remaining within his historico-philosophical framework, Professor Voegelin gives no answer. □

The Talkies

by Christopher Buckley

"Love and Death"

Woody Allen is in the business of making funny movies and writing funny pieces for the *New Yorker*. He is also in the business of asking big questions, mixing existentialism with melodrama. He always reminds us of his latent genius, philosophy. A man in one of his films will pause before buying a pastrami sandwich at the deli to wonder if there is a moral imperative involved; a Latin American revolutionary, after stealing seven hundred pounds of cole slaw to feed his guerrillas, will ask himself, quite seriously, Is stealing justified as a means toward a political end? But now, many films later, Allen's existentialist dilemmas are making it harder and harder to laugh at his movies, and if the trend of his current film, *Love and Death*, continues, audiences will have to start asking their own existentialist questions. Like, Are they worth $3.50?

Love and Death is a tale of misadventure set in Tolstoy's Russia. The pace is fast, some of the gags are terribly funny, and Allen moves beyond his own conventions to include scenes worthy of Monty Python, Buster Keaton, Mel Brooks, or even the great Chaplin. The black drill instructor in the Czar's Imperial Army is a touch from *Blazing Saddles*. The Village Idiots' Convention, where town idiots from all over Russia meet to discuss new techniques of idiocy, derives from *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. And when Allen hides in a cannon during the battle with the French, we expect Buster Keaton to come soaring out when the cannon is (of course) fired.

Allen's genius makes these scenes eclectic and not plagiaristic. What gets in the way of the humor is the author/director/actor's persistent hammering away at the Big Questions, which is funny for ten minutes, amusing the next ten minutes, and boring the rest of the time.

Lining up for the chopping block in *Love and Death* are war, chivalry, God, romance, philosophy, and politics. Why, the movie asks, did man do such stupid things back in the nineteenth century? Why fight a war when it's so easy to become a refugee? Why duel over a woman when there's enough of her to go around? Why believe in God when He shows us no visible signs except suffering, and "the best thing you can say about Him is that He's a tremendous underachiever"? I have no argument with these painful queries. What I do have an argument with are repetitious, unfunny soliloquies. Or, as Diane Keaton, Allen's leading lady, says to him at the end of one four-minute monologue, "Oh Boris, you aren't going to quote Aquinas again, are you?"

Love and Death opens with a shot of clouds spreading across a brilliant, blue sky. Prokofiev plays in the background. The voice-over heightens the expectant tensions: "...but isn't all mankind ultimately convicted and executed for a crime it never committed?" Enter antihero, a nice Jewish kid from Brooklyn, a Russian conscientious objector with no qualms about his lack of *chutzpah*.→

Boris Grushenko, a young Russian living during the time of the Napoleonic wars, is a horny intellectual, a coward, a frustrated mystic. His family is a collection of upper-middle-class idiots and psychopaths. His father has realized great wealth by "buying a small plot of land," a six-by-six-inch piece of turf he carries around in his cloak, swearing, "Someday I will build on it!"

Boris rightly senses he is different from the others. His first "mystical experience" occurs at age nine, when Death, a striking figure resplendent in white robes, meets him in the woods and tells him, "We will meet again." The little philosopher becomes intrigued by Death and God. But more intrigued by the fair Sonja, his cousin (Diane Keaton). On the eve of war, Sonja marries a herring merchant and the unwilling Boris is packed off to fight.

An accident makes him a war hero, when the cannon he hides in is fired and he lands on a tent full of Napoleon's generals, causing the French to surrender. Through a trick of fate, he marries the girl of his dreams, the herring merchant having accidentally shot himself. Sonja eventually learns to love Boris, though at first when he reaches out to touch her in bed she says, "No, not here." For a while, they share an idyllic cottage romance, living, as the times are hard, on a diet of sleet and snow.

But along comes another French invasion, and the scatterbrained, equally existentialist, Sonja leads Boris into a plot to assassinate Napoleon. The conspiracy miscarries (of course). Sonja escapes, and Boris is left to await the firing squad. "If only God would show me a sign," he sighs, "then I could believe." And sure enough, enter an angel of the Lord to tell him Napoleon will grant pardon in time. Boris is ecstatic, but the Lord pulls a fast one, and in the penultimate scene, we find him standing outside Sonja's window, Father Death at his side.

"What's it like being dead?" she asks.

"You know the chicken at Kreski's restaurant?"

"Yeah?"

"It's worse."

A big answer to the biggest question, but earlier Boris poses a more relevant question where he pauses in the middle of another existential monologue to wonder, "What if we're just a bunch of absurd people doing things with no rhyme or reason?" I'm an admirer of Mr. Allen, and in the past he has been brilliantly absurd. But *Love and Death* is a film which would succeed were it not for excess absurdity, and in that light, Boris' question poses a troubling problem for the author. More troubling, at the moment, than Love. Or Death. □

correspondence

To the Editor:

My admiration for your October issue exceeds all decent bounds. I read it, literally, from cover to cover and considered my time very well spent—an uncommon experience for so irascible and easily bored a reader as myself.

Most of all I admired Edith Efron's "libertarian challenge" to conservatism. Except for a certain, shall we say, exuberant disregard for logical precision (as in her assault on Burnham), her differentiation of libertarianism from conservatism was precise and to the point.

Now it may be, as James Kilpatrick said recently in another journal, that libertarianism suffers from an excess of consistency. That is a minor fault, if any at all, in contrast to the statist pretensions of liberals and conservatives alike. For it is the greatest virtue of Miss Efron's essay that she shows how statist is the central thrust of conservative doctrine today. All the pious and disingenuous rhetoric about "freedom" in all the **National Reviews** ever printed cannot hide the fact: conservatives want to use the coercive power of the state to impose their own views on everybody else. Liberals do, too. Libertarians do not.

The Alternative be praised for providing Miss Efron a forum for making that distinction so eloquently and so well.

Karl O'Lessker
Bloomington, Indiana

To the Editor:

I was very pleased to see the article by Edith Efron, "Conservatism [etc.]," in your October 1975 issue. As a rule, the conservative press pretends that libertarians have nothing to say—except for those economists at the University of Chicago who continue to surprise us with new proofs that laissez-faire is optimal.

Back in 1961, students of Prof. F.A. Hayek (who included the postscript, "Why I Am Not a Conservative," in his noted book **The Constitution of Liberty**, in 1960) published a journal called the **New Individualist Review** and regularly denounced conservatives such as Buckley and Burnham for polluting the movement. In those days I.S.I. was the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, and libertarians like Bob Schuchman were in charge of YAF. With the death of of Frank Chodorov and Bob Schuchman in the mid-1960s, however, the Motherhood, God, and Country crowd closed ranks. It was a sad development.

From the days of the New Deal, the Right was staunchly libertarian, in the tradition of Jefferson and Madison. The coalition which supported Taft in 1952 was the basic opposition to the international and domestic interventionist policies of Roosevelt and his left-wing advisors. This was a libertarian opposition. Where did all of this "conservatism" come from? Worst of all, has the Buckley-Kirk-Burnham "conservatism" achieved any victories in its twenty years of intellectual prominence? Indeed, it has been so many years since "conservatives" were anywhere near enjoying political influence that we observe today the last ditch effort to change the label to "populism" and recruit the followers of Gov. Wallace to Gov. Reagan's bandwagon. Of course, Bill Rusher tells us in his **New Majority Party** book that we must be prepared "to compromise on the economic issues." Good grief.

Thank you for printing the Efron article. This old debate **should** be reopened. Is the important substance of the anti-socialist, pro-civilization political philosophy to be found in the mystical writings of traditionalists, or in the critical writings of libertarians such as F.A. Hayek and Robert Nozick? Does "conservatism" have anything to contribute, or is it the case—as Ronald Reagan has said—that "libertarianism is the heart and soul of conservatism"?

Joe Cobb
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor:

Edith Efron's gee-whiz attack on "conservatism" ("Conservatism: A Libertarian Challenge," October 1975 issue of **The Alternative**) is fatally, fundamentally flawed. I'm not sure what logic is studied these days at Harvard (where she gave this address), but most places the first things one learns is that a denial of one assertion is not tantamount to asserting its opposite. She borrows many of the "test questions" from Burnham's **Suicide of the West**, and claims that to disagree with the statements as listed, is to place oneself in complete agreement with their opposite. Nonsense.

As an example, take her "Liberal Sentence 5.) A popular movement or revolt against a tyranny or dictatorship is right, and deserves approval." Today, to agree flatly with this seems idiotic—when so-called "popular" movements are often more totalitarian than the "dictatorships" they seek to replace. Thus most conservatives will state that they do not agree. On the other hand, Efron argues that they are **asserting** the following: "I accept dictatorships and tyrannies, and disapprove of revolutions against them." Most Americans with a reasonable grasp of political realities will disagree with **both** statements, but this possibility she claims to be impossible.

Having set up her straw man, Miss Efron waxes hysterical: "**Was** this what was tucked away behind these concepts of Authority, Tradition, Order, and Duty which, somehow, were never derived, defined, or illustrated? Tradition for the sake of Tradition—even if that tradition is enslaving you? Order for the

sake of Order—even if you are in the grip of a tyrant?..." etc.

In research methods classes, we try to fan out the spectrum of agreement to such statements, with responses running from "Complete agreement" to "Complete disagreement." Such measurement techniques assume that one's agreement or disagreement to such sweeping statements is, inherently, **qualified**. Such a scale still permits the discrimination between the liberal and conservative temperaments, and doesn't lead to the absurdities upon which Efron has based her whole diatribe. As it is, she's purely an amateur. Even her own "libertarian" cause deserves better intellectual representation than this.

Ellis B. Page
Professor, Educational Psychology
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut

To the Editor:

Miss Efron seems to regard American political history as an account of a series of hypocrites. She asserts, "...American thinkers and politicians have talked piously about the inalienable individual right to liberty. Few have ever meant a word of it." This statement requires an extremely tunnel-visioned reading of the Declaration of Independence. The signers of that document knew that individual liberty was not simply an inalienable right, but one which governments had alienated, repeatedly, throughout history. They knew that the struggle to regain their alienated liberties required substantial risk of their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor.

More, the drafters of our Constitution recognized that any system of civil liberties must be guarded by authorities at least equal in strength to those who might threaten the liberties. Anyone at the Philadelphia convention suggesting that the government be constituted on the principle "**Hands Off People**" would have been laughed out of the room, not because the framers did not mean their words about liberties, but because they recognized the problems involved in providing for their exercise.

Despite her distaste for the "fusion of metaphysics and pop-sociology" which she attributes to conservatives, Miss Efron overlooks the lessons which these disciplines might teach her regarding the "libertarian challenge." She persists in speaking in dichotomous terms, finding essential contradictions in both the liberal and the conservative traditions. Both of these contradictions, however, reflect the common tension of the American political experience. Both liberals and conservatives seek a reconciliation of some human freedom with the social order essential to the protection of the freedom itself. If liberals and conservatives disagree regarding some fundamental characteristics of human nature, they share the recognition, against a libertarian, that human societies involve, among other things, political problems.

Edward J. Lynch
Durham, North Carolina

To the Editor:

In her essay "Conservatism: A Libertarian Challenge" (October 1975 issue of **The Alternative**) Miss Efron ignores the sound, classically liberal base of American conservatism, and she ignores the powerfully liberal stances articulated by such American conservatives as William Buckley, Frank Meyer, and even Russell Kirk (who has emphasized the importance of human and economic liberty in his **The Conservative Mind**). Mr. Buckley emerges from Miss Efron's pages under a cloud (she never quite manages to accuse him of being an authoritarian), and James Burnham's splendid tract, **The Suicide of the West**, becomes the main source of American conservative prejudice. (She does not quote Burnham's libertarian **Congress and the American Tradition**.)

Conservatism as a political movement in the United States does not emerge until the period after the election of FDR. Before 1932, the term "conservatism" is rarely used in this country. During the period of the Roosevelt administration, the critics of the New Deal described themselves as liberals. They quite often used the terms Old Liberal, nineteenth-century Liberal, and classical Liberal to differentiate their position from that of FDR, who also called himself a liberal. The term conservative was coined, in this country, by the pro-New Deal press, and applied to those politicians who stood in opposition to the reforms of the New Deal. Albert Jay Nock, that singular champion of individual liberty, was even described—much to his own chagrin—as a Tory. The appellation "conservative" did not transform Roosevelt's critics into authoritarians. They continued to defend liberty and the values embodied in the American orthodoxy with the same vigor they had mustered in the past.

It was really not until the advent of Barry Goldwater that American opponents of Big Government began to embrace the term conservative. Robert Taft continued to think of himself as an Old Liberal until the day he died. For such figures as William Buckley, Frank Meyer, and Barry Goldwater, the advocacy of conservatism did not mean that they were happy with the status quo in post-New Deal America. Like the conservatives who had gone before them, they accepted the term conservative as a **mot d'usage** and went about their duties, which were the conservation of both liberty and tradition. This point has been well made by the late Frank Meyer in his book **In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo**. Similar views can be found in Goldwater's **Conscience of a Conservative** and the many writings of William Buckley.

The point I have tried to make in my writings on the subject is that there is no conservative **gestaltprinzip**. I could not call myself a conservative in, say, Spain or France, or any other country where the conservative tradition is predicated upon authoritarian nostrums. But, as an American, I gladly embrace the term, because I understand the American orthodoxy as being a liberal orthodoxy, and, like most of my fellows, I wish to conserve it. I am against Big Government; I am against meddling in the private lives of individuals; but I am also against the Hobbesian nightmare world of the extreme libertarians, for I know that to be a place where life is nasty, brutish, and short, a place that never existed (save in barbarous times), and a place that I hope will never exist. Had Miss Efron actually bothered to read my books and articles, along with the books and articles of other conservatives, she might have understood this fact.

Peter P. Witonski
Stanford, California

Edith Efron replies:

Professor Page is only apparently correct. I did leap deliberately to the dark underside of a gestalt which is so consistently opposed to a whole battery of twenty statements safeguarding individual rights. But this leap is a foreshortening of my reasoning process, not a contradiction either of my thesis or of reality. It is justified by facts: the most conscious, explicit religious authoritarians, censors, and racial and religious bigots, as well as apologists for religious-military dictatorships form part of the conservative constellation. I **clearly** indicated, however, that these were not universally held views, and that the passage Professor Page cites pertained only to those who held them, in whole or in qualified form.

It is Professor Page who founders in self-contradiction, not I, as one discovers from a careful reading of his example, so mischievously pocked with quotation marks. He righteously disagrees with the abstract moral proposition that people should oppose tyranny. But he ends up, himself, opposing **two types** of tyranny, **in the very name of abstract moral opposition to tyranny!** So why disagree with the (non-pockmarked) proposition in the first place? Because Professor Page wants to be free to eat his liberty while having it too. That is the essence of illogic. It both illustrates the theme of my essay and explains why I chose to present the conservative sentences as I did.

As for Messrs. Witonski and Lynch, they do not acknowledge or rebut any of my themes or arguments. Both play games of "let's pretend." Mr. Witonski pretends I did not admire the liberty-loving aspect of conservative thought, and Mr. Lynch pretends I have never heard the conventional explanation of how our system works. And both retreat into fantasy. Mr. Witonski claims "knowledge" of a brutish world that he simultaneously concedes to be a product of his imagination. And Mr. Lynch hears the laughter of long-dead men. I leave it to the reader to contemplate the implications of such "refutations."

To the Editor:

In James Q. Wilson's article, "Checking Our Premises on Crime" (June/July 1975 issue of **The Alternative**), Wilson says, "The passionate debate over the death penalty as a deterrent to murder is difficult to interpret when one remembers the murders one has actually seen." He then describes a killing committed in the heat of passion in a drunken brawl.

Under the law of most, if not all, states, the killing Wilson describes would clearly be second-degree murder, if not manslaughter. First-degree murder is usually defined as murder by poison, by torture, by lying in wait, or in the commission of a serious felony, such as kidnapping. As a rule, only first-degree murder would be punishable by death.

Thus, the death penalty would not be at all applicable to the killing Wilson describes, much less intended to deter it. Only a willful, deliberate, and premeditated killing would be punishable by death, under American law; and only such a killing would possibly be deterred.

This consideration may make the debate over the death penalty easier to interpret. The passage in Mr. Wilson's article was, of course, a purely parenthetical aside, and criticism of it in no way reflect upon the general excellence of the article.

John Paul Woodley, Jr.
Lexington, Virginia

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." —Euripides

Current Wisdom

THE NEW PATRIOTISM: The illustrious Tom Wicker salutes the flag according to the modern manner in a review of *Nashville*, a movie which depicts the:

"vulgarity, greed, deceit, cruelty, barely contained hysteria, and the frantic lack of root and grace into which American life has been driven by its own heedless vitality... the writhings of a culture that does not even know it is choking on exhaust fumes... a culture desperately clinging to the idea of value while vulgarizing almost every particular value... the American mobility culture, with its autos obsolete and crunchable the day they're sold, its fast-food parlors, plastic motel rooms, take-out orders, transient sex and junk music... a culture in which old people are thrown aside as carelessly as Colonel Sanders chicken bones, patriotism and sentimentality salve the hideous wounds of progress, and madmen peer mildly from benign eyes..."

—*New York Times*

ETHNIC PRIDE: Proof that minority rights are observed in Baldwin, Louisiana:

Passage of an ordinance to outlaw hogs from the city has stirred more than 400 residents to initiate recall petitions demanding new elections for the mayor and three councilmen who approved the measure.

—*Franklin* [Louisiana] *Post*
May 29, 1975

THE WOMEN'S FEVER: Another stupendous achievement for the Mabels, the Beulahs, the Thelmas of this world; and a pronunciamento that will ring through the halls of history:

The first institute for the study of feminist thought finished its opening session with the participants, all women, doing a dance of karate kicks as a red-haired dog named Emma Goldman roamed the floor.

The dog—named for the early 20th century anarchist—belonged to the teacher of a class on "Feminism and Socialism" and the karate moves were lifted from a self-defense course.

The two classes reflect the diversity of the five weeks of lectures and discussions at the institute, named Sagaris for the double-edged sword of the Amazons representing women's strength....

Linda, a young blonde who asked that her last name not be used,... said: "It's been very politicizing for all the straights and now they know they should support us instead of being ashamed of us. We are, after all, on the same side. We are all for women.

"It doesn't matter who you're in bed with if you're in bed when the revolution comes," she said.

—*Burlington* [Vt.] *Free Press*
August 1, 1975

GOOD GOVERNMENT: Another example of the realization of Eleanor Roosevelt's fondest hopes and dreams. Up with people!:

The Wisconsin Vocational Rehabilitation Division paid for silicone injections for an aspiring go-go dancer who "lacked the necessary equipment" to land a job, a state senator has revealed.

Sen. Thomas Petri said Wednesday the go-go dancer was listed as "disabled" until the silicone treatments enlarged her breasts. Petri said she is now "gainfully employed in a discotheque."

Four members of the division's Superior, Wis., office, which Petri said helped out the dancer, have been indicted on charges of mismanagement of state funds.

—*Chicago Tribune*
May 8, 1975

URBAN HOMEOTHERAPY: John Kenneth Galbraith, quack, offers for New York City's ills a cure suggesting that were he treating a wino Mr. Galbraith would treat him with scotch:

I think it's fair to say that no problem associated with New York City could not be solved by providing more money.

—*New York Times*
July 30, 1975

AN AMERICAN CRISIS: The Rt. Hon. Floyd Fithians attempts to wake up America to yet another crisis, this time *excogitated by the canning tycoons*:

Mr. FITHIANS. Mr. Speaker, last week it was my privilege to testify before the Small Business Committee's Subcommittee on Commodities and Services concerning the shortages of canning lids. I commend this committee and its distinguished chairman, Charles J. Carney, of Ohio, and the Federal Trade Commission for looking into this crisis.

The American people deserve answers to their questions: Where are all the canning lids? Why is this country facing such a shortage at this time? The Congress and the appropriate federal agencies have a responsibility to investigate the shortage of canning lids, and report their findings to the public.

—*Congressional Record*
August 1, 1975

HIGH GIBBERISH: M. Jean-Paul Sartre, the archbishop of 1950s existentialism, speaks and 1950s vintage intellectualoids gulp:

I think transparency should always be substituted for what is secret, and I can quite well imagine the day when two men will no longer have secrets from each other, because no one will have anymore secrets from anyone, because subjective life, as well as objective life, will be completely offered up, given. It is impossible to accept the fact that we would yield our bodies as we do and keep our thoughts hidden, since for me there is no basic difference between the body and the consciousness.

—*New York Review of Books*
August 7, 1975

JUVENESCENCE: During a eulogy to Gerald Ford's glorious first year, young James Reston shows the stamina of the *Greening of America* fallacy:

In short, he has diluted the poison in our political system in the last year, which is quite an achievement, but in being grateful for that we should not forget the question he has now put to the people, namely that we should reward him by electing him to lead us thru the radical problems into the '80s.

These are problems for the young men of the rising generation, and the tragedy of American politics is that we seem to be stuck in both parties with men in their sixties.

—*New York Times*
August 9, 1975

DEPT. OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES: The chairman of the sociology department of a university in Florida writes a prospective appointee regarding the gorgeous state of civil rights in this glorious democratic republic. Progress toward Utopia:

Since I last corresponded with you regarding the possibility of a position in this Department, decisions have been made by the top administration of the University that have created some awkwardness in our recruiting efforts.

The decision I refer to is that all unfilled positions in the University must be filled by blacks or females. Since I have no information regarding your racial identification, it will only be possible to consider you for a position in the event you are black.

—Statement, Proceedings of the fact-finding hearing of the Office of Federal Contract Compliance of the Department of Labor,
August 20, 1975

CANDOR: A memorable moment on Chicago television, as recorded in Colonel McCormick's ghost:

Frank Mankiewicz, looking like a battered pug, as always, is reclining in the chair and chain smoking Kools in the television studio, listening to WBBM's Common Ground host Warner Saunders ask him what motivated him to travel to Cuba recently to film "conversations with Castro."

Mankiewicz exhales and, in a haze of smoke, with no hesitation, with a flat voice, says, "Personal greed—did it out of pure personal greed...."

Saunders starts to stifle panic, looking

like a man who doesn't know what to do with a mouthful of rancid orange juice—but Mankiewicz keeps rolling.

"...we thought we could sell it to a TV network and make a lot of money..." then Mankiewicz, noticing Saunders' veiled horror, and interrupting [sic] himself to say, "...well, that's why people do things, they just don't say so... anyway, we just broke even with it in the end."

—*Chicago Tribune*
July 24, 1975

THE LUNATIC FRINGE: Thank God for the *Nation*:

Try saying it to yourself—"Ralph Nader for President." It's a phrase that sparks on the tongue; it peps you up, like a sudden shower on a muggy afternoon.

—*Nation*
August 30, 1975

AMERICANA: From the Spring 1975 brochure, "Continuing Education for Women," published by the scholarly University of Southern California, comes a thought-provoking blast from Linda Worobow—Socrates in a pantsuit:

We live in a violent society. Most of us never understand the magnitude of that violence until we, ourselves, are assaulted: in the street, the market-place, the court-room. Watergate dramatically demonstrated how insidious this violence is.

Changing this pervading ambience requires relearning certain principles. Corruption is not new. Henry Adams' *Democracy*, written in 1880, is as forthright a commentary on political corruption as any forthcoming book by John Dean. But in Adams' time, the people seemed better able to cope, having vested their faith in the principles of Self: self-reliance, self-discipline, self-education.

Many women today are finding that those authority figures on whom they depended for guidance, support, rectitude, and redress are not omniscient, omnipresent, nor in some cases even concerned. The cold truth emerging daily in headline copy is the familiar admonishment: the only person you can totally depend on is yourself.

USC's Continuing Education for Women Program has designed a series of Spring Saturday Seminars to enable women to more knowledgeably achieve their own goals, whether they be starting a small business, learning to say "no," or being compensated for a poorly made product. Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward of the *Washington Post* have shown what perseverance and asking the right questions can accomplish. We want every woman to know the right questions to ask and from whom to ask them. We want her to be able to interact with society with skill, knowledge, and confidence. We believe these seminars will assist her.

As Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Discontent is the want of self-reliance. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles."

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